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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IT is difficult to gauge how large a part bluff plays in the mounting tension of Europe. Threats are piled up, but fortunately every Power is afraid to begin the bombing. Hitler has always relied on seeming more resolute and more strong than he really is, and he still hopes to succeed in advancing without actual warfare. If the mass flights of British and French aeroplanes and the military conversations now proceeding in Poland have been enough to convince him of the danger ahead, this summer may yet pass without the physical destruction of Europe. If an Anglo-Russian alliance had been completed two months ago, the chances would have been better. In any case "peace" depending on threats is a precarious business. The British and French Governments show no signs of being able to put before the world a constructive policy round which democracy could rally. Meanwhile a battle of the first importance is proceeding in France, where the Army authorities are trying to persuade M. Daladier to a thorough "purge." To uncover all those who have taken foreign money for carrying out Nazi propaganda in France would involve a first-class scandal, and it is not yet known whether M. Daladier has the necessary courage.

### Indirect Aggression

Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons on Wednesday that he hoped to see an Anglo-Russian pact concluded before the recess. The hope must be a slender one—if hope really represents Mr. Chamberlain's state of mind. The negotiations have now been proceeding for three months—not a long time in a normal period, but a dangerously long time if the object was to build a Peace Bloc to warn Hitler from further aggression. The deterrent value of the Pact is in any case now largely dissipated. For the first month after Hitler's seizure of Prague the pact could have been quickly clinched if Britain had wished; more recently the Russians, utterly distrustful of Mr. Chamberlain and aware that our danger was greater than theirs, have been increasingly "realistic" in their demands. They desire to see Britain tightly bound by the alliance. When Britain was finally brought round to agree to a comprehensive general pact of assistance if either side were engaged in war with Germany, Russia desired guarantees for each of the Baltic States. This "guarantee" was eventually extracted from the British. Britain wished to add Holland and Switzerland to the guarantees in the West. Moscow replied that these were new commitments, and in compensation wanted mutual assistance treaties with Poland and Turkey—not in itself an unreasonable request since Russia can do little to help

the West unless Poland is involved, and Poland is not bound to aid Britain and France if Holland or Switzerland are attacked. Great Britain has now withdrawn the request for a Dutch and Swiss guarantee and the discussions turn on the definition of indirect aggression. Britain has gradually been brought to admit the need for countering Germany's tactics of indirect aggression, b ut jibs at a definition which would give the "Peaceful Powers" the right to intervene in the guaranteed States to counter the early steps of aggression, e.g. the change to a pro-Nazi government in Finland or Belgium—even when no overt steps had been taken by Germany. Moscow also asked for the right to decide, on the Polish analogy, when German action endangers Russian independence. And the U.S.S.R., mindful of its treaty of 1935 with France which was never made real by a Staff convention wishes military conversations to come before the signature of the pact. None of these issues looks like being speedily settled—though our guarantee to Poland is a ghastly danger without Russia.

### The Tokyo Talks

Neither the Prime Minister's statements in Parliament last Monday nor events in the Far East encourage optimism about the Tokyo conference. Mr. Chamberlain scouted the idea that the British Government would consent to a reversal of our Far Eastern policy at the dictate of Japan. Nor, he said, had the Japanese Government made any such demand. What the Japanese Government wanted was that we should "endeavour to regard the Sino-Japanese hostilities with more understanding of Japanese difficulties." No doubt; but everybody knows that they also want something much more substantial than that. The press clamour for British "co-operation" in establishing the "new order in the Far East" continues unabated. Anti-British propaganda, of the most virulent and fantastic type, is in full blast. Mobs, incited by persons in responsible positions, are engaged in demonstrations, destruction and looting. Nor are the military and naval commanders sitting idle in China. The blockade on the South China coasts is being intensified, and further warnings have been issued to the Powers to withdraw their nationals from several ports in Fukien. On the Shanghai Exchange the Chinese dollar declined on Tuesday, after the withdrawal of support by the control banks associated with the Anglo-Chinese stabilisation fund. It is in this murk of threats, suspicion and truculence, that Sir Robert Craigie is pursuing his talks with Mr. Arita, the Japanese Foreign Minister.

### The U.S.A. and Neutrality

There are some, in this situation, who turn a hopeful eye on the United States. But sentiment in the U.S.A. seems to prefer to denounce British pusillanimity rather than to leave its own bomb-proof pulpit and evolve a common policy in the Far East. No progress has been made in the contest over neutrality legislation in America since the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee refused to act, ten days ago. The President and Secretary Hull do not feel that in an open fight with the Senate they would be sure to succeed; and after conferences with influential Senators, Republicans as well as Democrats, they have decided to abandon their efforts for the present session of Congress. But Mr. Roosevelt is expected on his forthcoming tour to put his case to the country and to get considerable support for it from a rising public opinion. That opinion is likely to favour some move against Japan, rather than helping the European democracies, is shown by the action of Senator Vandenberg, a prominent Republican, who has introduced a resolution urging the abolition of the 1911 Treaty of Commerce with Japan, and the re-convening of a conference, like that at Brussels in 1937, to decide whether Japan has violated the Nine-Power Treaty. Such action, of course, would no longer fit in with the indifferent attitude proclaimed in the Neutrality Acts. But by doing something against aggression in the Far East, a region in which American opinion has always been specially concerned, it may reduce feeling about the need to do anything against aggression elsewhere. And it may also help the Republican leaders in 1940 to show that they were ready to act when it was not merely a matter of "meddling" but of protecting real American interests.

### Czech Refugees

Just after the Munich crisis the Government announced it would guarantee a £10,000,000 loan to Czechoslovakia, and last January an agreement was made with the Czech Government providing that £4,000,000 of this loan should become a gift to assist emigration from Czechoslovakia, while the other £6,000,000 should ultimately be used for settlement of refugees in Czechoslovakia. Last March the unexpended portion of this £10,000,000 —estimated at £6,750,000—was safeguarded from Germany; and since then most of the £4,000,000 allocated for emigration from this country has been used up. But there are still many thousands of refugees, both in Poland and in Czechoslovakia, who must emigrate and for whom no funds are available. It might be expected that the Treasury would expend some of the £6,000,000 allocated for settlement in post-Munich Czechoslovakia for this purpose, since the German occupation has rendered such settlement impossible. But questions in Parliament on June 13th elicited the reply that the Treasury intend to claim back the whole £6,000,000 loan, recouping themselves for the £2,250,000 spent before March 15th out of Czech assets in London. Such meanness is almost incredible, when we remember that this "saving" has been made possible by the March disaster for which we bear, to say the least of it, some responsibility.

### Northern Ireland Finances

The I.R.A. bomb outrages, which are almost ignored by the British public, have fanned the Partition controversy to white heat in Ireland. Once again the real facts are twisted and obscured by both sides. No doubt objectivity is impossible on many points, but the question of Ulster's financial dependence on this country, which is discussed in our correspondence columns this week, is not one of them. Northern Ireland is expected to make an annual contribution towards imperial services; but when the original figure of £7,920,000 was found to be too high, an arrangement was made that the contribution should consist of the annual surplus revenue, after all social expenditure had been met on a level similar to the English, the exact amount to be determined by the Joint Exchequer Board. In an article of unusual interest, published in the current *Political Quarterly*, Mr. Tom

Wilson calculates the balance of accounts between Northern Ireland and this country, including our Exchequer grants to various funds. He estimates that Northern Ireland has made a net contribution of £7,000,000 over the whole period 1922–37. Lately, the contribution has been negative, but the excess balance received has never exceeded £400,000. He adds:

> The arrangement can be criticised because it sets no adequate check on the extravagance of the Northern Government, but can it be regarded as a means of subsidising Partition? It could be more fairly described as the necessary assistance to a special area. Ulster is not, as the imaginative Unionist propagandists declare, a rich prize . . but a grave liability.

Whether this would still be equally true in a United Ireland is arguable. But economic arguments have never been decisive in Irish politics.

### A Formidable Bill

The Prevention of Violence (Temporary Provisions) Bill, brought in by Sir Samuel Hoare on Wednesday, is a formidable measure. Its object is to frighten lawless Irishmen. On the face of it, it will also frighten many law-abiding Englishmen. It gives the Home Secretary and the police powers which go far beyond any they have been used to in this country in modern times—powers to prohibit the entry into Great Britain of suspected persons, to deport them, to compel them to register, to arrest without warrant where it is believed that certain offences under the Act have been committed. This sweeping measure is, as its sub-title indicates, to be temporary; its function is limited to two years—and long before that, we are told, it will have effected its purpose. We sincerely hope that it will. Its only possible justification is the gravity of the evil it is designed to cure—or rather, to prevent. Prevention, if it can be achieved, is certainly better than punishment in dealing with the campaign of violence which the I.R.A. have launched. But there is clearly a danger to the rights and liberties of others besides Irish terrorists in equipping the executive with such extraordinary powers, and Parliament will have to insist on the fullest possible safeguards in the Bill.

### War Risks and Property

Under pressure from the building industry, the banks and the various other financial institutions interested in mortgage business, the Government has agreed to appoint a small expert committee to reconsider the question of insuring buildings and their contents against war risks. If a workable scheme on mutual insurance lines can be evolved, a Government contribution to the fund is conditionally promised. In making this announcement on Monday, Mr. Oliver Stanley emphasised—indeed, exaggerated—the difficulties involved. By underwriting ships, cargoes and landed stocks of essential commodities, he argued, the Government had shouldered a risk in respect of values estimated at £2,380 millions. The value, however, of buildings and their contents was at least £12,000 millions, and the extent of possible damage was even more difficult to estimate. The theoretical argument cannot be disputed; but much property lies in areas probably immune from air attack, and even in the vulnerable districts it is reasonable to suppose that a large majority of buildings would come through a war relatively unscathed. To frame a mutual insurance scheme is by no means impracticable; but the Committee will probably be faced with strong protests from property-owners against demands for contributions on their part. What landlords want, in fact, is free State insurance cover, though why the community should indemnify one particular class of rentiers, passes understanding.

### The Rural Minimum

The Labour demand for a £2 a week minimum wage for agricultural workers was duly voted down in the House of Commons on Tuesday. The Minister of Agriculture argued that the effect of such a wage, as a condition of subsidy, might be that farmers would refuse the subsidy rather than incur the obligation. It is, of course, quite true that the proposal to "tack" a minimum wage for agriculture on a Bill offering subsidies to particular groups of farmers lacks logic, and that the problem of agricultural wages needs dealing with on a general basis, applicable to all types of farm labour. But the need for improving agricultural wage-levels is plain, as the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee have implicitly recognised by its handling of the problem of benefits under the insurance scheme. If the exodus of labour from the countryside is to be checked—as it must be if plans for developing agricultural production are to has any meaning—rural wages must be improved, even though the raising of wage-rates is only one part of the solution and will achieve little unless it is accompanied by other measures for improving rural amenities of life. To argue that the farmer cannot afford £2 is neither here nor there in these days; what the farmer can afford without State help is no longer the test of rural policy.

### Coal Rationing and Private Storage

The Government has now announced, in general terms, its plans for the rationing of coal and other fuels in the event of a crisis. Rationing, which would come in almost at once on the outbreak of war, would apply to coke, gas and electricity (and presumably also to oil used as domestic fuel) as well as to coal, and would be based on allowing the consumer a proportion of his normal consumption. The smallest users, it would appear, are to be exempted; so that the enforced reductions would apply mainly to offices and to the larger private householder. There will be some difficulty, obviously, in dealing with households which use alternative sources of supply—such as central heating supplemented by coal or electric fires; and a good deal of detailed work will be thrown on the local authorities which are to administer the scheme through local fuel owners, aided by advisory committees. In order to make the scheme work with the minimum of difficulty, it is obviously desirable for private, as well as bulk, consumers to make all possible use immediately of their available storage space. Coal or coke laid in now will lessen the pressure on transport services in time of actual emergency, and will also employ resources which are at present remaining unused despite the armaments boom. As far as gas and electricity are concerned, the private consumer can do nothing; but coal and to some extent coke can be laid in store with good results. Incidentally, experiments made by the railways confirm the view that coal can be stored out of doors with only negligible deterioration.

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# SPENDING THE MONEY

IF you listen anywhere in the provinces to a group of working men talking politics, you will find them more interested in rates and rents than in foreign affairs. If it comes down to it they will fight, because they see no alternative. But they have not the smallest animosity to the German people; their will is for peace and they are apt to prophesy rather optimistically that Germany will not stand Hitler much longer. Their principal complaint is against those who govern England. Tackle Trade Unionists anywhere and they will tell you that in 1931 the Labour Party was dished and the country declared to be in mortal danger because 100 million pounds were too much to borrow for the unemployed. To-day they point out that the capitalist class can find 3,000 millions for armaments without turning a hair. Money for guns, plenty for the profiteer, but national bankruptcy and the pound to fall to a million to the dollar if the unemployment relief was not cut down!

Some time or other, if humanity is not to destroy itself, the common-sense view that wealth is to be enjoyed and not to be spent on race suicide will have to be accepted. Some time, after, but we hope before, a war, the mass of men will see that it is accepted. To-day, because the nations did not disarm when they promised and because they have let Germany spend her substance on guns instead of butter, we are all apparently condemned to the same crazy policy. The sane view is out of sight; we perforce discuss the dilemma of a mad social system.

When Sir John Simon presented his Budget last April, he put his total estimated expenditure at £1,285 millions, out of which he charged £942 millions against current revenue, leaving £343 millions to be covered by loan. In the circumstances, with business activity barely renascent from the 1937-38 depression and unemployment still severe, the apportionment as between taxation and borrowing was not open to serious criticism. Very different, however, is the position now revealed. Supplementary estimates already published include, in round figures, £46 millions for the Civil Departments—a sum embracing expenditure on agricultural subsidies, evacuation schemes and a miscellany of other crisis expenditure; £79 millions for the reinforced Army; £40 millions for the Air Force, and £28 millions (net) for the newly established Ministry of Supply. No provision has yet been made for the promised assistance to merchant shipping, and a substantial Supplementary to meet the cost of accelerated naval construction is understood to be on the way, apart from the promised emergency grant to Cable and Wireless and the probably increased final A.R.P. requirements. Assess these undisclosed calls at £40 millions; add the £60 millions which the Treasury must raise to finance purchases of munitions by European members of the Peace Front whom we have guaranteed. The sum in simple arithmetic adds up to a formidable total. Making allowance for the margin provided last April for contingencies, the aggregate budgetary expenditure (combining loans with outgoings charged to revenue) will exceed £1,550 millions. In the absence of additional tax receipts the real deficit will be £610 millions, or £270 millions more than the gap the Chancellor originally proposed to bridge by borrowing.

What does Sir John Simon propose to do about it? Parliament is simply told that £500 millions—a figure, as we have shown, which understates by probably £100 millions the real requirements—will be raised by borrowing. The issue of Treasury bills held by the banks and the money market will be expanded by £150 millions; investors, large and small, will be invited to subscribe the balance. A thinly attended House listens apathetically (or, it may be, with the stoicism begotten of bewilderment) to the Chancellor's nonchalant announcement. No indication is vouchsafed that Sir John begins to comprehend the implications of his policy. Parliament has approved in principle recourse to borrowing as a method of meeting a budget deficit; the gap disclosed last April was immense; in dealing with financial immensities what difference is there, save in degree, between £350 millions and £500 millions or even a hundred millions on top of that?

The answer, to which the Government seems blind, is that there is all the difference in the world. It is not that there is reason to doubt the Treasury's ability to raise the money. If the authorities increase sufficiently the volume of bank cash, thus enabling the joint-stock banks to add to their "liquid" assets by large purchases of Treasury bills, the bankers will absorb a substantial slice of the coming Defence loans. At the cost, doubtless, of a certain rise in interest rates, the appetite of investors, private and institutional, for Government securities can be whetted. Moreover, though the figure of £600 millions is considerably in excess of the country's *current* net savings, it must not be forgotten that, up to a point, the national income grows with the growth of Government expenditure: the recipients of that expenditure can save more. There are, however, two vital qualifications. First, when the point is reached at which plant and labour available are fully utilised, deficit-finance ceases to create fresh incomes or savings, and results only in higher prices. If Sir John Simon wants proof of this economic principle, he needs only to study conditions in Nazi Germany. Secondly, in an unplanned capitalist economy there is no guarantee that savings will be automatically devoted to subscribing to State loans; they are just as likely to be used for increased consumption or for investment in enterprises competing with the State for labour and materials. Here the German parallel does not hold. For the Nazis, by a ruthless control of investment and the distribution of raw materials, have mobilised the national resources for war.

At present, a situation of "full employment" has not been attained; there are still reserves of labour and—equally important—of unutilised plant, and prices so far show no tendency to rise. Already, however, there are local shortages and evidence of strained capacity in the armament and allied trades; imports and retail sales are even now increasing significantly, and the influence of the immense volume of projected loan expenditure has barely begun to be felt. What steps can this Government be expected to take? In some quarters it is urged that consumers' purchasing power should be restricted by imposing, in an autumn "crisis budget," heavy additional taxation. This would be better than allowing an indiscriminate inflationary rise in prices to achieve the same result. The brake could be applied more scientifically and with less injustice to "weaker

brethren." On the other hand, such a policy would arouse violent opposition from the Government's most influential supporters; it might lead to something like a producers' "sit-down" strike; and, on grounds of public interest, it is open to the criticism that it would not increase the size of the national "cake." It would merely alter the apportionment of the slices.

The essential objective is to enable the country to produce its guns with a minimum loss of butter. It is an aim which cannot be attained within the framework of *laisser faire* capitalism. If a rise in interest rates (adding seriously to the eventual cost of rearmament) is to be avoided, national savings must be compulsorily canalised by a National Investment Board into Defence loans, and competitive private borrowings and share-issues severely restricted. If the problem of import surpluses is not to grow unmanageable, a National Import Board must regulate purchases calling for payment in foreign currency. If productivity *of the right sort of goods* is to be raised to a level which will obviate otherwise inevitable "scarcity prices," a National Planning Board must organise the utilisation of the idle plant and men whom private enterprise is failing to employ.

To none of these measures, we fear, will the Government apply even such energies as a timid and irresolute Cabinet can command. Sir John Simon will borrow and hope for the best. Patriotism will be invoked if 4 per cent. fails to lure the investor. Lacking effective direction, Britain's economy may whirl down the inflationary stream. In the eyes of the elderly statesmen who have the country's destinies in their hands a reckoning postdated for even a year or two has a comfortably distant look. Not they, but others, will have to cope with the deluge.

## THE HOUSE OF UNCOMMONS

IT is a basic assumption of democracy that the leader *represents* the led. That does not necessarily mean that he has to be like the mass of the electorate. It does mean that he is there to understand, reflect, direct and integrate the electorate's needs. Democracy automatically admits the relevance of every citizen's opinion.

Members of Parliament are the most important representatives of the citizen in the democratic system. Yet 22 per cent. of Worktowners cannot name their M.P., others think that Worktown has no M.P.s, six M.P.s or even Mr. Attlee as its member. Indeed, the Worktown M.P.s are far removed from everyday Worktowners. To-day one M.P. in six is an Old Etonian, who has passed along restricted university channels. The majority of O.E.M.P.s. go either to Woolwich or Sandhurst (19) or to Christ Church (15). Practically none go from Eton to universities other than Oxford or Cambridge. And most of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges are out of bounds too. Eton and Balliol, Eton and Trinity, Eton and Magdalen, Eton and New College, are popular in that order. A few are Eton and Univ, Eton and Kings. The same is true of the 25 Old Harrovian M.P.s. Then there are 15 from Rugby (the Premier's school), 13 Wykehamists, and so on. The House of Commons is overwhelmingly public school. Hobbies correspond. We have obtained hobby data for 202 M.P.s. Of these, only 38 record as a main leisure-pleasure any intellectual pursuit—reading, music, chess, painting, photography, archaeology, languages, etc. 179 of them like ball games—golf is an easy first. As against the 38 who name intellectual exercises, 123 favour hobbies that involve the killing of bird, fox, or fish. 11 per cent. Labourites as against 72 per cent. Conservatives especially like lethal pleasures.

Or take the family background. Quite at random, I started to trace out the ramifications of the Guest family with the help of *Dod*, *Who's Who*, and *Debrett*. I got 77 M.P.s and ex-M.P.s related to the late Lord Wimborne, head of the "Guests in democracy." More than a quarter of all Conservative M.P.s are related by blood or marriage to members of the House of Lords.

While still engaged in these studies I read *Tory M.P.*,* which is out this week. A detailed analysis of the social, and more particularly the economic, ties of the Conservatives who govern this democracy, it makes fierce reading. There are fascinating family trees and charts of business directorships, 250 pages of facts and finances. The book is indispensable to the student of democracy. Exceedingly well put together, it is also excellently written. Mr. Haxey traces the importance of ancient families like the Lindsays and Cavendishes and Stanleys. He shows the vast influence of banks and breweries, railways, electric and mining concerns, through their M.P. directors; he indicates the threads that run around the Cabinet towards Vickers, Cammell Laird, B.S.A. He demonstrates beyond any doubt that, as far as the Conservative party is concerned, the Reform Acts have hardly altered the basic system of plutocracy, government by those who have inherited wealth. Mr. Haxey has not attempted exact analysis of the shift since democracy was nominally introduced by the Acts of 1832 and after; the figures obtained by my friend Stanley Cramp may illuminate. M.P.s were classified into four common types, which account for at least two-thirds of all Conservatives. Where the types overlap, the first on the table is given preference. Data are difficult to obtain, but the following years give a fair enough picture:

| | Percentage of all Conservative M.P.s who were: | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| DATE | Immediate Relatives of Peers | The Armed Services | Commercial and Industrial Magnates | Legal |
| 1846 .. .. | 40.7 | 8.0 | 10.6 | 7.1 |
| 1892 .. .. | 32.1 | 7.6 | 18.2 | 19.2 |
| 1914 .. .. | 32.4 | 6.8 | 16.2 | 22.3 |
| 1939 .. .. | 27.7 | 11.7 | 22.2 | 14.7 |

The number of peers' relatives has declined. The representation of the Forces has risen steadily since the war (other years not given); they form a powerful militaristic unit in Parliament to-day. Directly, commercial interests are probably more represented than ever before; Mr. Haxey finds that 44 per cent. of Conservative M.P.s are directors; these interests are steadily increasing in the Lords too.

As well as being unrepresentative of the main occupational and social groups, the Conservative Party, in common with others, is not representative of important sex and age groups (a point Mr. Haxey does not discuss). Using the same years, and correcting the figures for length of life of each Parliament, we get the following:

| DATE | Average age of M.P.s on election to this Parliament: (*a*) All parties | Cons. | Liberal | Labour |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1846 .. .. | 42.3 | 41.5 | 43.1 | — |
| 1892 .. .. | 46.9 | 46.8 | 48.7 | — |
| 1914 .. .. | 48.8 | 47.7 | 49.4 | 51.8 |
| 1939 .. .. | 50.7 | 48.8 | 50.0 | 53.7 |

Consistently ages have tended to get greater, and Labour M.P.s have always been older, largely for lack of opportunity to chance fighting an election. For the opposite reasons, Conservatives have been youngest; and particularly the titled type who can afford to fight elections (at their own expense) while young. In fact, of the present titled M.P.s, 72 per cent. had their first chance of a seat before they were 35, as compared with only 25 per cent. of the industrial M.P.s. Titled men who have not bothered by the time they are 45 seldom (3 per cent.) bother to go into politics, though 64 per cent. of business men first enter politics *after* that age. The average age for first contest of present M.P.s of different types is:

| | |
|---|---|
| Titled .. | .. 32.7 years |
| Legal .. | .. 38.1 |
| Services.. | .. 42.4 (the same as Labour M.P.s of all types) |
| Commercial | .. 44.4 |

* *Tory M.P.*, by Simon Haxey (Gollancz, 7/6.)

155 M.P.s are now over 60, two over 80, and eight under 30. So that, quite apart from party politics, the House of Commons tends always to be conservative, to be dominated by persons whose intelligence and understanding have usually ceased to expand. These phenomena are not peculiar to one party. It is a serious limitation of Mr. Haxey's book that he nowhere attempts a comparison with Liberal and Labour M.P.s. The Labour Party is dominated by another sort of business director, the Trade Union official, who is often as far removed from ordinary workers (the majority of whom are still not in Unions) as Earl Winterton is removed from the loyal conservative butcher. Apart from the Trade Union leadership, the dominant Labour M.P.s to-day (in contrast to the "lost leaders," MacDonald, Snowden and Thomas) tend to wear old school ties or to come from the old universities. This is true of Attlee, Dalton, Greenwood, Noel Baker, Stafford Cripps, and Lees-Smith, four of whom have been dons. Only Morrison is of non-university, non-intellectual, working-class origin—a policeman's son. And only Morrison could, by all observational criteria, be called a *popular* leader, one who stimulates the "masses."

The leadership of Labour to-day is farther than it has ever been from the "masses." It is not my place to say whether leaders should be anything like the people they are leading. But it is sufficiently obvious that they must at least be able to make the led feel that they are being led somewhere worth going, on some plan, and with some understanding. It is also becoming obvious that a large proportion of our population does not feel confidence in the present leaders of any Party. Mr. Haxey has done service in substantiating reasons for lack of confidence in a considerable section of one party. But the same causes operate in the other parties, and any analysis of any sort of leadership, political or religious, social, local, Worktown or Westminster, will yield similar results.

The fact that Mr. Haxey has not faced is this: *the ancient families, the armament makers, continue to get in.* He would probably reply that they only get in because the electorate does not know about them. His book urgently advocates that, in every possible way and place, the social and economic evidence about Tory M.P.s shall be given the widest publicity and used as evidence against them. His last chapter details the need for exposing your local M.P. in all his evil. But I wonder if this will really work so well. I even suspect, as a result of studying some 20 elections, several of them involving titled people, and several of them deliberately angled experimentally with such personal "exposures," that the effect may be the opposite to that which Mr. Haxey expects, and which will presumably be expected by the thousands of energetic Socialist members who read him as a Left Book Club choice. For instance, Mr. Haxey devotes much space and a chart to the M.P.s associated with Beecham's Pills. Would it really harm them to have their Beechams' directorships exposed? Millions of people swear by Beechams. Millions would think that the men who run Beechams, Macleans, Yeast-Vite, Germolene, Amami Shampoo, Sherley's Dog and Cat foods and other Beecham's subsidiaries, are public benefactors. Or take a family example. By now the electorate of County Down must be wise to the Vane-Tempest-Stewarts (Lord Londonderry's family) who have owned huge properties there for generations. Yet to-day they have the present Lord Londonderry's heir, Viscount Castlereagh, for their M.P., as was his notorious forbear of the same title, who got in by spending £30,000 on bribes. Vane-Tempest-Stewarts have represented County Down since 1771.

To attack people personally is widely regarded as "unfair" by the many who still think of politics as ruled by a sort of contest-code like cricket. In election Mass-Observations we have found consistently that the lowest "audience response" was given to personal attack, second lowest to other destructive criticism (opponents' policy), much the best response to constructive policy and to friendly anecdotes about personnel of own party. What seems an awful exposure to the intellectual may seem an unsporting assault to the fellow who left school at 14. Anyway, Mr. Haxey's brilliant study is not simply a criticism of the Conservative Party, as he would have us believe. It is an indictment of the whole democratic machine as it exists in 1939, pre-industrial and pre-scientific in conception. Genuine democrats who are really concerned for freedom have got to face up to it. From top to bottom thay need to re-think about the machinery of democracy, representing real public opinion and real public interest. We are running away if we focus too much attention on the evil M.P. The danger is that democrats may think that by removing him they cure the disease; he is not the disease, only the skin-rash of deeper malady. But for a nice skin tonic and sun-burn lotion, try *Tory M.P.* It'll make you tingle.

TOM HARRISSON

# A LONDON DIARY

How far will M. Daladier dare to go in his "purge"? He has shown some courage in attacking *Le Temps*. The case against it is believed to be particularly strong—it is alleged to have taken large sums from foreign countries on more than one occasion. But the *Comité des Forges* is behind it and may have ways of getting its own back. As far as general policy goes *Le Temps* and *Figaro* have both been comparatively "patriotic" recently and people ask why the wrath of the Premier (who is said every day to see the features of Napoleon more clearly delineated in his looking-glass) does not rather fall on papers like *Le Jour*, *Le Journal*, *Le Matin*, *L'Epoque* and *Gringoire*. Everyone is asking who comes next. A name much mentioned is that of a certain M. Ferdinand de Brinon, but an inquiry here, they say, might easily involve M. Bonnet. Gossip conflicts about a very important aspect of this affair. M. Porier and M. Aubin are apparently accused of being paid to do propaganda for a foreign Power, but there is also talk of an accusation of selling military information to Germany. The purge is instigated by the French Army authorities; it is an attack which, if pressed hard, will go far into French politics and uncover all kinds of unsavoury issues. It will be a bigger business than the Stavisky affair—if M. Daladier does all the Army authorities ask. Whether his role of Napoleon will carry him so far and how far his Cabinet will support him—or dare support him—in so drastic a purge is still a matter of guess-work.

* * *

I suppose there may be people who get a thrill out of squadrons of bombing aeroplanes passing overhead—always provided they are of their own manufacture. But that cannot be the experience of anybody who remembers the last war, and I don't think it is a common experience. There is no lasting security in arms and I notice as a particular absurdity that few people are even thinking of trying to build a *common society* with France; a common defence they can understand but not a common economy, the abolition of passports and customs. Why should we not build towards "Federal Union" in this practical way? All we are doing at present is pooling our arms and daring Hitler. It became, I believe, necessary to tell Hitler that further aggression meant war, but I was never in favour of a Peace Alliance (without Russia!) which was just a military alliance, and which failed to state from the very beginning what its peace terms were. Provided Hitler knows that he cannot just go marching ahead without war, I am all in favour of publishing proposals on the lines of those recommended by the National Peace Council. Speeches have been made to convince Hitler of the danger of aggression, but little has been done to tell the German people that there is an alternative to Hitler's policy. Commander King-Hall has done a good job of work in getting his German *News Letter* over; much more should be done all the time to reinforce the excellent work done by the B.B.C. German bulletins. The matter with Munich was not that Mr. Chamberlain went to see Hitler, but that he went to Hitler in order to carry out Hitler's policy and not stand up for a democratic policy of our own. It is still not clear what we do stand for.

This brings me to a complaint that has reached me from some pacifists who think that I am no longer fair to them. I want once again shortly to state a view which can only be fully explained in a much longer article. They can find it stated in the *Political Quarterly* for April, 1938. If you take an absolute pacifist's point of view in a world based on force there are jobs that you can do—you can relieve suffering in all sorts of ways—but you cannot usefully take a responsible part in politics, because at some point or other you will find that any policy you advocate involves a risk of war. You must be prepared to remain a preacher of a better ideal for the world; you may be more effective in the long run than those who deal in the compromises and second-bests that are the fate of politicians. I have no criticism of the pacifist who stands on the unshakeable ground that it is always wrong to drop bombs and stick bayonets through people, and that since he won't do it himself he won't advise others to do it. That I take it to be the root of the pacifism of a man like Max Plowman, who now edits the *Adelphi*, and who, I see, is now saying that there is no real solution to our problem, except a federation of Socialist States. My criticism was solely directed to those who have at times made the mistake of thinking they were helping the cause of peace by repeating Nazi arguments. You have to choose in this world which role you will adopt. In the sixteenth century Erasmus and Montaigne were pacifists who preached toleration; they had influence, but it took the statesmanship of a Henry of Navarre, who thought that "Paris was worth a mass" and who was a soldier himself, to put an end to the religious wars in France. All I have asked for was an equally realistic politician to put our own house in order and to face the problem of Germany before it was too late.

* * *

The Military Training Act was passed under an absolute promise that it would never be used for strike-breaking. Each conscript receives a pamphlet repeating that promise over Mr. Hore-Belisha's signature. If that promise had not been believed, the Trade Unions would not have acquiesced so easily, and if it is not valid a Minister of the Crown has told something like 30,000 lies. I now see that the National Council for Civil Liberties says that the whole thing is a fake. The manner of the trick is this. The M.T. Act says nothing about strike-breaking. Correct. But the conscripts are drafted to the Reserve after training, and by the Reserve and Auxiliary Forces Bill, which apparently went into law four days afterwards, they can then "almost certainly," says the Council, be compelled to break strikes. This is the classic method, for since Briand's coup in 1912 no experienced government uses the serving forces to break strikes, only the Reserve. To use serving forces is dangerous; to use the Reserve has the great advantage that you force the strikers themselves to do the blackleg work under military law. They do the work better, they need not be armed, and in France at least the Right press has a good laugh. It is probably no use asking Mr. Hore-Belisha to put this right. But I would like him to take his signature off that pamphlet at least.

* * *

I have been disturbed for a long time about the inequities which are constantly arising in the application of slum clearance schemes, but a case which I heard about the other day seems so outrageous that I feel it ought to be published. A friend of mine who is a City Councillor, was visited by a young man. He was obviously deeply upset, and held a piece of paper in his hand. "Can you do anything about this," he said, "they want to pull my father's cottage down?" The paper was the formal announcement of a demolition order and gave the cottager twenty-eight days to decide whether he would appeal. My friend visited the house and found an old couple, both over sixty, living on the pension and the old man's odd jobs. The cottage 10 years ago was part of a Cotswold village, but is now surrounded by building estates and within the city boundaries. The family has lived there for generations, bought it 12 years ago for £200 and put over £50 of savings into improvements, including sanitation. As the whole village was built in a quarry now disused, the site is useless for new development. "Since the slum clearance began," my friend says, "it looks like a devastated area. And so it will remain, for no one will dream of building there." Knowing the working of the Act, my friend made no promises, but rang up the Sanitary Inspector. "A hopeless case," he reported; "no damp course, no through ventilation. No use dreaming of repairs. They will cost £100. But I'll send a man up to help the old people and see if we can get them compensation." When my friend visited the old couple again they knew the worst. "The young man was very kind to us, and it is not his fault. But it does seem hard that one shouldn't be allowed to die in one's home, and have to pay for pulling it down." This is not an isolated case. All over the country there are owner-occupiers of condemned property in the same plight, people who, without legal advice, have bought their houses and repaired them out of their savings. Every law has its hard cases, but this is a hard case which seems to call for an immediate amending Bill.

* * *

A distinguished M.P. (the epithet is not conventional in his case) writes to suggest the extension of the system of conventional epithets used in the House of Commons. At present all lawyers are "learned," and all soldiers, sailors and airmen "gallant." But should not all women M.P.s be "elegant," all company directors "rapacious," all kept M.P.s "well-remunerated," all the Stanleys "cousinly"? One can think of others. What is a Cabinet Minister? "Dynamic" is my suggestion.

* * *

In the underground tram the other day my friend suddenly burst out laughing. In answer to my pained expression he pointed to a notice: "Passengers alight both ends." Really, some people never grow up.

CRITIC.

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to A. H. Campbell.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

Mr. Fraser, Warden of Newbattle Abbey College, remarked that the delay in regard to a pact with Russia had given the people of this country time to understand and admire Russia in a way that they would not have done if agreement had been reached quickly.—*Scotsman.*

TO THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED

In the recent occurrence at —— Mrs. L—— wishes it to be known that she herself received the first blow in the scene with a woman resident.—*West Essex Gazette.*

I do beg you to keep out immoral plays, bad language, and gluttonous drinking with hiccups.—Letter in *Radio Times.*

Wanted, Housemaid, able to strip.—Advt. in *Press and Journal.*

Eton *v.* Harrow.—Will the numerous Harrovians who in attempting to divest a very old Etonian of his trousers deprived him of two treasured Five Shilling Pieces and gold safety pin, please return one or all to the Army and Navy Club?—*The Times.*

## THE ORGANISATION OF REFUGEE WORK

THERE has been a great deal of criticism directed against the handling of the refugee problem in this country. Much of this criticism has been justified, even after allowance has been made for the difficulty of building up voluntary organisations to meet a whole series of unforeseen catastrophes. The general demand for a clearer and more unified policy has been reasonable enough, even if most people have hardly

appreciated the difficulties which have kept the various refugee organisations groping vaguely along different and rather doubtful lines. Some recent changes and resignations have only added to the public bewilderment, and it is essential that —if we get through till the autumn without a war—some better system should be adopted.

It may be best to state first what is the position to-day. There are two main refugee problems. One is the result of the Spanish War and of "Non-Intervention." The other is the product of German Anti-semitism and of "Appeasement." The two problems are unequal in size, and we, in England, have dealt with them separately. Take the smaller and simpler question first.

Some three to four hundred thousand people have escaped from Spain. Most of them are in France, some in North Africa, and a tiny proportion in England and other European countries. Probably five out of six of these refugees are Spanish. The remainder are Germans, Czechs, Italians, etc., who went to Spain before the war began, or joined the International Brigade. These men are now completely stateless. The French Government, which was extremely generous towards refugees from Spain during the war, has not behaved too well over this new influx. It is claimed, perhaps justifiably, that there is an undesirable element amongst the Spanish refugees. Certainly they are being kept under prison conditions. Apart from Mr. Brailsford's Committee, which is helping former members of the International Brigade, there are only two groups working for the predominantly Spanish political refugees. These organisations are the Society of Friends and the Committee for Spanish Refugees. The former confine their activities to local work in the south of France, but the latter have also undertaken the emigration of refugees direct from France to Mexico, the only country prepared to accept them on a reasonably large scale. The Committee for Spanish Refugees is very much the child of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, and it now functions from 30 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. It has already financed the chartering of two ships and the despatch of some three thousand men and women to Mexico.

In this field of work there has been no over-lapping, and the organisations, within the limits of their finances, have carried on their task efficiently and unostentatiously. From the beginning of the Spanish affair support has come from a limited but fully convinced section of the public, which has put up over a million pounds for relief during the last three years. Even after the final collapse of the Spanish Government, and the establishment of a Fascist regime, more money was being contributed weekly for this work than for the Baldwin Fund.

The victims of the Munich Agreement and of the Nuremberg laws have never aroused the intense partisan feeling which led so many in England to work for the Spanish opponents of Fascism. The very immensity of the Jewish problem —the 600,000 potential refugees from Germany and Austria, the 300,000 from Czecho-Slovakia—suggested that it was not a suitable matter for private charity. This feeling was strengthened by the holding of the abortive Evian Conference, and —after Munich—by the British Government's recognition that the Sudeten Germans were a national responsibility. The money for Spanish relief was put up by people, mostly rather poor, who believed intensely in the righteousness of the Spanish Government cause, and hoped that they might help that cause to succeed. The money for German refugees has been subscribed either by Jews or by the more comfortable classes in England. Very few of the latter were anxious to have refugees over here, but they suffered from a rather queasy conscience in regard to the policy pursued by their Government, and were shocked by the excesses of the November pogrom. The Baldwin Fund, sponsored and administered by typical representatives of wealthy Conservatives, was the counterpart, in the field of private charity, of the ten millions promised to the Czech Government.

There have been, consequently, several different forces working behind the German and Czech refugee movements, and this accounts for the lack of any settled policy, and for the difficulties of effective co-operation. The Jewish community in England has expanded its work, which had been going on for some years, of counteracting the effects of German anti-semitism. Some, like the Zionists, are chiefly interested in settling Jews in Palestine. The Council of German Jewry takes a wider view, and aims at saving a portion of the Jewish race by getting individuals, and especially children, out of Germany and central Europe. It has its own "case-working" committee—the "German Jewish Aid"—and also operates through the Children's Movement and the Domestic Bureau. The Council's expenditure must run into millions. As it is ultimately responsible to the British Government for the maintenance and re-emigration of all refugees brought in under its auspices, the Council has incurred huge liabilities.

The Christian Council, on which the various denominations combine a little uneasily, is theoretically on the same footing as the Council of German Jewry, but is on a much smaller scale. It has its case-working committee, the German Emergency Committee, which is virtually a Quaker organisation. It also takes some share in the running of the Children's Movement and the Domestic Bureau, and is the channel through which the Baldwin Fund has contributed to these organisations. The Christian Council and its constituent bodies have probably not collected £100,000 for refugee work. The Baldwin Fund has amassed about half a million, of which more than half has gone through the Councils to the Children's Movement, while the rest has been allocated to various refugee bodies.

The Baldwin Fund was collected by an appeal to two emotions. A feeling of shame for the maltreatment of Jews, and for the fact that we were engaged in a policy of appeasement towards their persecutors. A feeling of pity for the children who seemed to be the worst sufferers. It was a negative appeal, and it received a negative response. Someone in *The Green Carnation* remarked that £60 a year was "too much to give a curate and too little to give a cook." Half a million pounds was not enough to put the refugee work on a proper basis, but gave the thoughtless the idea that private charity had solved the question, at least temporarily.

The Czech Committee began its work in a crusading spirit, and with a definite object. Its position has been made extremely difficult by the virtual acceptance of their case by the British Government. The voting of ten millions for the Czech Government, and the "ear-marking" of four of these millions for refugee work has naturally prevented the public from contributing further for the relief of the Sudeten Germans. In practice the appeasement policy, which continued after Munich, and even after the *Einmarsch* of March 15th, has resulted in most of this money ultimately helping to build up Herr Hitler's foreign exchanges. The Czech Committee has succeeded in getting some four hundred families of first-class German peasant stock to Canada, and brought to England another 3,000, including some who escaped after March into Poland. It would seem, however, that future work will consist mainly of helping the Gestapo to pick out the wealthier Jews, take their money, and then expel them at the British taxpayer's expense.

There is, I believe, in England a definitely pro-refugee feeling amongst certain sections of the people. It is undenominational, strongly anti-Nazi, and believes that Hitler's victims, especially the children, would be an asset to this elderly and rather lazy country of ours. Obviously this body of opinion finds no outlet in the existing organisations. The Jews of England are doing admirable work to help their co-religionists in Central Europe, but no one is more afraid of the development of anti-semitism in this country than the wealthy Jewish families, settled in England for generations, who are the natural leaders of their community. They have been responsible for bringing over the bulk of the 35,000 Jewish refugees now in this country, but it is done in the same apologetic spirit which characterises the work of the denominational organisations.

The winding up of the Baldwin Fund and the resignation of Lord Hailey with the other officers of the Co-ordinating Committee provide an opportunity for re-organisation along simpler and sounder lines. It is clear that the Jews wish to retain their complete autonomy in regard to their "case-working" committees, so also do the denominational bodies. There are, however, certain lines on which they should work, not only jointly but with the co-operation of that body of outside opinion which I have labelled as "pro-refugee." If we get through August and September, with their almost inevitable crisis, there will be a need for a body—not unlike the very successful National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief—which will undertake a number of functions. These should certainly include publicity and political activities, and probably the organisation of non-Jewish hospitality and the collection of funds from non-Jewish and non-religious elements in England. There should be a refugee "secretariat," exploiting all the possibilities of settlement in different parts of the world, and acting as a clearing house for all information. It should put the refugee case before the public, and be a buffer between the case-working committees, which are likely to be predominantly Jewish, and their anti-semitic enemies, of whom there are plenty in high places in England to-day.

G. T. GARRATT

# FITNESS

THERE is something very attractive about this new religion of fitness that is sweeping over Europe. A world in which every cheek was glowing with health, every eye bright with vitality, and every step rhythmical with the joy of life—to live in it would be like being on a permanent seaside holiday. For a great deal of the pleasure of a seaside holiday, I am sure, is due to the continuous spectacle of young, middle-aged and old people growing fitter and fitter under the influence of the sun and the ozone-breathing air. Nowhere else do the strong look so strong and the weak cast off so much of their weakness. Nowhere else is there such a universal outburst of energy—in swimming, boating, golfing and walking. Life has become an open-air gymnasium, and even the lounger in the deck-chair has blessed activities in his blood that give his face an athlete's tan.

The love of health is, of course, no new thing. Long before the days of the Strength-through-Joy Movement, the ancients worshipped fitness and crowned the fittest of their sons. It is true that for a time the Christian Church neglected it and that even in the rationalist eighteenth century men maltreated their bodies with excess of meat and drink and abstinence from bathwater to a degree that makes one wonder how they survived and achieved so much. I doubt whether any member of the Strength-through-Joy Movement could read the life of Dr. Johnson without disgust. The whole century, indeed, was a century of ill-health, and even poets suffered from gout through no one's fault but their own. It is not surprising that so many writers of the age confessed their misery. They had discovered the secret neither of joy through strength nor of strength through joy.

The nineteenth century was a century of reawakening. By the end of it young men and boys were playing games as games had never been played before. Inspired by Wellington's great saying that the Battle of Waterloo had been won on the playing-fields of Eton, they set to work to make themselves a match for any new Napoleons that might arise and hurled and kicked balls about till their veins tingled with the battle fury. All over England boys wrestled in the mud for possession of an egg-shaped ball, and in summer broke the peace of green fields as bat struck ball to the hedges. In the last quarter of the century, a great cricketer became the national hero, and schoolboys spoke of "W.G." with reverence as of a Roman Emperor worthy of divine honours while still alive. Fathers, sending their sons to one of the Universities, may have cared little how they fared in their examinations, but they felt that they had not lived in vain if they had produced an Oxford or a Cambridge Blue. A Blue, indeed, was a demigod over whose hand even the clergy bowed devotionally. If he had worn a ring, many people would have longed to kiss it. I think I should myself.

This honour paid to fitness, however, did not exclude respect for other achievements. Even though eminence at cricket or football might be the greatest thing in life, it was ungrudgingly admitted that a man might be a poor bat and an incompetent footballer and yet have qualities meriting the applause of his fellow citizens. Tennyson was highly commended as a poet though he had never played in the scrum for his University. Gladstone was accepted as Prime Minister though he was never known to have scored a century. If Huxley was popular, it was because of his scientific writings, not because he was an expert at tossing the caber. It will be seen from this that the worship of fitness had not yet become a religion. An Englishman could still achieve the highest position in almost any walk of life even if, like Joseph Chamberlain, he broke half the rules of health, smoked as many cigars as he could crowd into the day, and never went for a walk except in the hot-houses where he grew his orchids.

This state of affairs is likely to be changed in the new world into which we are so rapidly advancing. Italy, which has so often given a lead to Europe, has now made it clear that fitness is a quality that must be demanded not only of athletes but of politicians. Something like a Test Act—how apt the words sound in a cricketer's ear!—now excludes all but the fit from positions in the Fascist Party. "Officials of the Fascist Party," writes the Rome correspondent of the *Times* this week, "are once again facing the tests of physical fitness which were instituted for the first time last year to ensure that the leaders of the nation shall not be pot-bellied bureaucrats, but men of vigour and action, capable of setting an example to those to whom they have to give orders." The tests, it is true, as reported in the *Times*, do not seem particularly severe. They include rifle and revolver shooting, riding a push bicycle, and a motor-cycle, and driving a car. Without wishing to boast, I may say that I could pass one of these tests myself. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, however, makes the tests sound more formidable. According to him they include other forms of exercise abhorrent to an indolent man, all leading up to the final day "when the competitors will have to jump over rows of naked bayonets." When I read this, I was not surprised to learn that, during the trials, some of the competitors are reported to have been injured. I cannot help thinking that, if my Leader expected me to jump over rows of naked bayonets, I too should find some means of sustaining a slight preliminary injury.

New religions are so infectious nowadays that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that there will soon be demands for the imposition of similar tests on political leaders in England. The time may yet come when Mr. Chamberlain will have to swim for his political life and show his skill in the use of his umbrella as a fencing weapon. Sir John Simon is said to be good at golf, but what evidence is there that he is a competent Chancellor of the Exchequer if he cannot jump over rows of naked bayonets? It may be against the tradition of English liberty to force statesmen to perform feats of this kind, but I must say I should like to see Mr. Hore-Belisha compelled to prove his fitness to be head of the War Office by remaining on the back of a bucking bronco for sixty seconds in the Wembley Stadium. What crowds would gather at Wembley for a sports meeting at which all the Cabinet Ministers, the un-Cabinet Ministers, and their secretaries, competed against each other in boxing matches, four-mile races, egg-and-spoon races, hurdling, running backwards, the long jump, the high jump and the side jump, throwing the hammer, vaulting, all-in wrestling and tight-rope walking! Even Jack Doyle would not be so big a draw. But I am afraid that at the end of the meeting there would be an almost universal demand that the ministers should be sacked, and that Mr. W. R. Hammond should be invited

to take Mr. Chamberlain's place and form a new ministry.

Would it be a better ministry? It is impossible to say. There are men of science who maintain that the people who do the most important work in the world are not men who are physically fit, but men who suffer from some physical handicap. Havelock Ellis associated genius with gout and, if I remember right, Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell once declared in a book that all the men he knew who had done great work were men who in some way or other had disobeyed the laws of health. Reading such authorities, one cannot but shrink from the thought of being physically fit. It is not, one knows, the healthy oyster, but the diseased oyster, that produces the pearl. The new religion of fitness, however, will not have it so. According to it, fitness is enough, and the man who can jump over rows of naked bayonets is not only physically fit but fit to rule over a city or a nation. Well, "healthy and wealthy and wise" is the old ideal, and for a long time Englishmen thought that to be wealthy was a sufficient equipment for a member of the ruling class. The Italians have merely substituted health for wealth, and it will be interesting to see whether they fare any better. The experiment is, at least, worth trying. It will fail, no doubt, but, after its failure, the human race may be driven to try the further experiment of choosing its leaders primarily, neither for their health nor for their wealth, but for their wisdom. Y. Y.

## THE MAZE

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Chamberlain would not agree that various proposals put forward by Britain and Russia should be made public.—*Manchester Guardian*, July 13th.

THEY steer it through the Kremlin maze
Removed from human sight,
A pact few Tories care to praise
And none to expedite.

Rejecting guides, the British grope
Down that alluring trail,
Drawn onwards by a kind of hope
Seen through a kind of veil.

It serves not public weal to know
What they would not discuss,
But they have lost their way, and oh,
The difference to us. SAGITTARIUS

# Miscellany

## COUNTRY NOTES

### "And the Stranger Within Thy Gates"

SHE arrived in a wooden crate, labelled with the word "Worcester," so I called her Worcester, knowing her by no other name. There is a reputable tradition in history, by which people sometimes take their surname from the town of their origin, so being unable to discover her personal name from the gentleman who had been so kind as to supply her at my request, I called her after the station from which he had dispatched her. A simple reason, but quite a good one. I could scarcely have received her as a guest under my roof for six or eight weeks, and left her anonymous all that time. That would have been both inhospitable and impolite.

The gentleman who supplied me with Worcester employed the most delightful writing-paper; unlike most writing-paper it did not confine itself to a bald statement of the address, but in addition was copiously illustrated. It was sprinkled with diminutive reproductions of photographs, all apparently taken between 1880 and 1890. There was one of the gentleman himself, or possibly his father, dressed in a black coat and a bowler hat, holding a litter of lion-cubs in his arms. There was another of a lady and a little girl, holding baby bears. There was another of a retriever bitch with young tigers crawling over her. Even the retriever, stout and complacent, managed to convey unmistakably the later Victorian period.

Worcester herself was completely Victorian, both as to appearance and character. More of a sheep-dog than anything else, though doubtless other elements were present, she resembled one of those woolly hearthrugs which lay before the big coal fire in the Victorian drawing-room. Her grey coat was matted, her face round as an owl's, her tail a mere bob, her paws chubby. Her nature was made for integral and unquestioning devotion, a devotion which for those few weeks, from the first moment, she chose to lavish upon me. Yet how badly I treated her. No cad ever behaved worse to the woman who loved him. First I hired her, unseen, unknown, for my own selfish convenience, for a paltry sum too, a mere three guineas plus travelling expenses. Then I took her children, the four blind puppies she had brought with her, and caused them to be drowned one by one in a bucket. It is true that owing to her conjugal carelessness they were worthless mongrels; true also that I replaced them one by one by aristocratic Alsatians of the same age; but they were her own and she whimpered a little each time I removed one. Yet how kindly she took to her fosterlings! There was nothing of the stepmother about her as she nuzzled those four little wolfish cubs in the straw and gave them the best she had to give—her care, her warmth, and her milk. Her pride in them was as great as if they had been her own; she never dreamt that they were only four out of a litter of eight, given over to her because eight was too many for their own mother to feed.

Nor did she know that their mother, my own savagely jealous bitch, would have fallen on her and torn her soft body to bits had she suspected her presence. I kept them very carefully apart, the mother in the kennel, Worcester in her shed. I let Worcester out only when the Alsatian was safely shut away. Then Worcester came lumbering out, happy to be free, happy to be with me in the garden, but always so conscientious about her charges that she would make sudden dashes back to the shed, make sure that they were safe, and then gallop back to me, reassured.

Then her time began to draw towards its end. The little wolves were growing beyond her, and as they began to snarl and bicker she would look at them with a slightly puzzled air. They were learning to lap from a bowl, and were becoming rough, with a roughness that was never inherited from a sheep-dog. And as they grew more independent daily and more fierce, so did Worcester transfer more and more of her large loving heart to me. They might not need her any longer, but she had decided that I did. So she sat beside me as I gardened, and though I encouraged her to rummage round for mice and rabbits she would not stir. She merely looked at me with her good brown eyes gazing through her shaggy face, and scraped at my hand with an enormous paw, as though she were saying, "Don't send me away. Let me stay. This is my happiness."

I knew, however, more and more miserably I knew it, that I should soon have to send her away. If I had kept her openly she would have got murdered, and I couldn't permanently play this game of Box and Cox between the kennel and the shed. And surely my first loyalty was due to the beautiful intransigent creature who had two years' claim to oppose to Worcester's seven weeks, two years during which she had regarded me as her exclusive property? No, Worcester must return to her career. The professional foster-mother. Litter after litter of mongrel puppies, drowned one by one to make room for strangers of champion stock. Employer after employer, all base, all treacherous, all paying their three guineas, all accepting Worcester's love and service, all lifting Worcester back into her empty crate on the last morning. . . .

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

# HAVELOCK ELLIS

HAVELOCK ELLIS was born in Croydon in 1859. His father was a captain in the Mercantile Marine. He went on his father's ship to Australia when he was sixteen, for his health's sake. He stayed there four years earning some money as a teacher. Near the end of the time, he passed through a sort of crisis which was evidently connected with puberty, for it is said that in the loneliness of the Bush he resolved to discover if he could, the relation of this turmoil within him to the whole of life; and on his return to London in 1879 he began to qualify for the medical profession. Thanks to his having kept that resolve the lives and characters of many have been better and happier. Havelock Ellis became the first notable English writer to discuss sex openly and with detachment, and it is largely due to him that now fewer people knock their lives to pieces in the stuffy darkness of compulsory sex-ignorance.

Needless to say, he was prosecuted for this, for such is the English law, for the test applied by magistrates to such books as *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* is Chief Justice Cockburn's definition of obscenity. "I think the test of obscenity is this, whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and in whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." Now, when a book has been shown to contain passages capable of corrupting minds capable of being corrupted it is taken for granted by magistrates that the book is condemned under Lord Campbell's Act of 1857, which was introduced as a police measure "for more effectually preventing the sale of obscene books, pictures, prints and other articles." The prime object was the suppression of a trade in obscene books and pictures which flourished particularly in Holywell Street, and Lord Campbell, in his autobiography, notes that it was instantly successful there, and that this traffic was stopped. But the Act, in other directions, has had very bad results. The clause of the Act insisting that a book must be shown to be "*proper to be prosecuted as such*" (in addition to containing matter capable of corrupting those capable of being corrupted into whose hands it may fall), which was intended to protect literature and science, has not been given due weight. It did not prevent Lawrence's *The Rainbow* or the work of Havelock Ellis from being prosecuted and suppressed.

In 1898, the publisher, Mr. George Bedborough, was put in jail and charged with "publishing an obscene libel with the intention of corrupting the morals of Her Majesty's subjects." The case finally came up at the Central Criminal Court. The accused pleaded guilty, as he saw the case would go against him. The Recorder, giving judgment, said:

> I am willing to believe that in acting as you did, you might at the first outset perhaps have been gulled into the belief that somebody might say that this was a scientific work. But it is impossible for anybody with a head on his shoulders to open the book without seeing that it is a pretence and a sham, and that it is merely entered into for the purpose of selling this obscene publication.

"For us on the Continent," an eminent criminologist wrote to Ellis, "such a proceeding is altogether incomprehensible. What would become of science and its practical applications if the pathology of sexual life were put on the Index?" The case showed clearly the badness of the law and the dilemma with which society is faced. Here was a book that might (as the Recorder saw) put lewd thoughts in a reader's mind (which by the way is easy to do), but was also the most important contribution yet made to the knowledge of sex. Has society so little faith in the value of knowledge that it is prepared to punish anyone who publishes such an enquiry because it may incidentally excite obscene thoughts in some readers? No educated person would say that investigation into a subject so nearly affecting the welfare of all men and women must be stopped. The moral feeling on this question of the desirability of ignorance was so strong before Havelock Ellis began writing that when Huxley wrote his *Elementary Text-book on Physiology* for Macmillan's, he was compelled to leave out the fact that the human body possessed sexual organs! And the general mental condition created by this hush-hush morality may be measured by recalling that when Thomas Hardy serialised *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, he was requested to make Clare take the milkmaids across a stream in a wheelbarrow, as the idea of carrying them one by one in his arms would be too "suggestive" for the pure minds of magazine readers. This was not an admirable or wholesome state of mind in which to go through life, and it was also responsible for an incalculable amount of unnecessary misery in innumerable lives. His motives are set forth in his preface to *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*:

> As a youth, I had hoped to settle problems for those who came after; now I am quietly content if I do little more than state them. For even that, I now think, is much: it is at least the half of knowledge. In this particular field the evil of ignorance is magnified by our efforts to suppress that which can never be suppressed, though in the effort of suppression it may become perverted. I have at at least tried to find out what are the facts, among normal people as well as abnormal people; for, while it seems to me that the physician's training is necessary in order to ascertain the facts, the physician for the most part only obtains the abnormal facts, which alone bring little light. I have tried to get at the facts, and, having got the facts, to look them simply and squarely in the face. If I cannot, perhaps, turn to the lock myself, I bring the key which can alone in the end rightly open the door; the key of sincerity. That is my one panacea: sincerity.

Havelock Ellis will be remembered primarily as a great taboo-breaker—one of their rescuers—by English-speaking peoples. But he was also an analytical reader of the first order, though he was first and foremost interested in what he called the Art of Living. He was far too rational to be a complete rationalist, and too sensitively aware of poetic values to be a pure hedonist. He was wise, and he was an individualist, aware of the many-sidedness of things. He held that the Art of Life always must allow for the personal equation. He was fond of comparing this Art to that of Dancing. It was a continual adaptation of instinctive movements to a pattern and rhythm dictated by a man's times, his inheritance, his race, his country. I am told he found his own deepest responses to life reflected in Blake. Self-suppression was a phrase which summed up for him a great part of the meaning of life, and that necessarily included the expression of the social side of man; though I don't think he agreed with the Communist philosophy that only the Social Self really counts. I should very much like to have read his comments on Caudwell's remarkable book, *Illusion and Reality* (Macmillan).

Certainly, as a critic, what he looked for in books was the expression of the author's individuality. He called one of his most remarkable books *Affirmations*. The first question he asked himself as a critic was "What does this writer affirm?" The next, "How did he come to affirm precisely that?" His statement of a writer's "message" was always trenchant and clear, his psychological analysis of the man extremely acute, and the estimate of the value of his contribution impartial. What moved him most in literature was the sincere expression of preferences and beliefs, and the energy which springs from sincerity. Yet he distinguished more surely than any other English critic I can think of between the importance of the work and the value of the man himself who achieved it. Havelock Ellis, though he was endowed with the aloof curiosity of a man of science, was also extremely sympathetic by nature; and his sympathy with human weakness enabled him to see that it was often through pain and failure due to congenital weakness that a writer discovered what proved important to mankind. An original work was by no means always the product of a great man; often rather it was born of an inadequacy—Rousseau, Proust, are examples. "It is the miracle of genius—even from of old vaguely apprehended—that through an incomplete, defective, if not infantile instrument, the voice of wisdom is heard"—to quote from almost his last book, *From Rousseau to Proust* (Constable), one of the best and most interesting of English books on French literature.

Thus it was that though Havelock Ellis's criticism was that of a man with an enthusiastic response to great achievements,

it had none of the faults of the hero-worshipper. His deep concern for the good of humanity made him comparatively indifferent to works of unoriginal perfection, since they did not contribute importantly to the Art of Life. Only in the other arts (he often discussed painting, architecture, music) were his estimates ever "aesthetic," and even then he constantly sought the sociological or psychological interest behind his own impressions. This habit made his notes of travel —his book on Spain for example—often particularly interesting. Lastly, though having "affirmations" of his own, the keynote of his criticism, and, I suspect, of his nature, was an absence of hostility towards those whose conclusions negated them. In that companionable diary *Impressions and Opinions* (Constable) he wrote:

> If I see a man pursuing a dangerous mountain track, I am not hostile in being unable to follow far on the same track. On the contrary, I may call attention to that pioneer's adventure, may admire his courage and skill, even applaud the results of his efforts, or at all events the great ideal that animated him . . . What a vain thing is this hostility! A dagger that pierces the hand of him that holds it. . . . Our friends may be the undoing of us; in the end it is our enemies who save us. The views we hate become ridiculous because they adopt them. Their very thoroughness leads to an overwhelming reaction on whose waves we ride to victory. Even their skill calls out our greater skill and even finer achievement. At their best, at their worst, alike they help us. They are the very life-blood in our veins. . . . And if we could all realise more keenly that we are fighting not so much in our own cause as in the cause of our enemies, how greatly it would make for the visible Harmony of the World.

These words were written in 1914. They were prompted by the moment—and who will say unprophetically? They also express the spirit in which he wrote and lived himself.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

# QUATORZE JUILLET

[The following accounts of last week's celebrations in Paris come to us independently from two chance visitors.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## I

THE 14th of July parade was an enormous success, and the Guards were enjoyed by everyone; the French simply failed to understand why the glamorous, six-foot Guards should be preceded by the small and rather shoddy naval detachment. The Moroccan infantry were great fun, as hardly a man went by who was not grinning broadly and showing white teeth. The Foreign Legion were extremely popular too, of course. The sad item were the colonial troops from Indo-China, small Chinese, looking bewildered, but always giving the impression of a civilisation far ahead of ours. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador, is said to have wept when he watched them go past. The Zouaves in their light blue had a magnificent band with native pipes, and the chasseurs alpines were equipped with skis and alpenstocks. St. Cyr followed in its absurd, musical comedy uniform, and French infantry and unromantic tanks, and guns and machine-guns, and the fire brigade of Paris, quite the proudest to be in the parade; lastly, the Republican Guards, and, sweeping round the Arc de Triomphe, the Spahis. For me, there was no one else; and I have the impression that it was the same for many others. With all the brilliance of the Guards, and all the romance of the Legion, and the efficiency of the tirailleurs Algerians, the Spahis had them all beaten; each one a living model of a tin soldier, with all the colours of the rainbow in their uniform, their rifles slung over their backs, and their wiry horses which appeared to be a part of them. They went down the Champs-Élysées with their cloaks flying, at a half gallop and their mounted band playing shrill bugle calls, the bass being the horses' hoofs on the tarmac. The French major, who had given me the history of each regiment, turned to me with tears running down his cheeks, and said, "Give me three regiments of Spahis and take us back to 1850, and I'd be in Berlin in a week." All the Government need do is to stage another show like that, and they would have every Frenchman clamouring for war at once. From 1 a.m., I danced for two hours in the streets, chief incident being the ring o' roses round lorries taking vegetables in to the *halles*, police, soldiers, everybody joining in. Story of the evening: Who was the person who really wept with emotion during the parade? Answer: the German Ambassador. As someone remarked about 3 a.m., "Prepared or unprepared, drunk or sober, wise or foolish, France has found to-night the best way to deal with Hitler, take no notice of him." Which sounds strange in English, but that was the mood of the evening.

R. M. P. H.

## II

It was perhaps necessary that such a demonstration of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a war, recognised by now as no longer glorious, should take place in a city consciously and incomparably suited to the essential artificiality of it. In this first of all Garden Cities—and not at all, of course, a garden of borders and shrubs, but of traced paths, and inserted architecture aided by a clear daylight and a brilliant use of night-light—War can still without incongruity play at being still *en dentelles*—and "get away with it." From the geranium-red of the mountainous Guards, to the ethereal pale blue of the Spahi-officers' tunics, the dramatic contrast of the Senegalese skin and any colour but black that they are made to wear, the tri-colour sailors, a maler blue of the Algerians, the Second Empire bravura of the Garde Republicaine, seemed to rise, with the dust of summer holiday and the seething of the crowd, the bravest possible of last protests, a desperate coquetry: "Oh, yes, we all know you know all there is to know, but let us at least go to it with the old *panache*, let us flout the futility, and waste, and behind the scenes dreariness, with splashes of colour and the elegant growling of drums and pricking of bugles." And, after all, the by now inevitable contrasts were there. The bombers streaking in a smooth roar down along the Avenue could pass in a corresponding uproar from down below, achieving the gaping admiration that attends anything with powerful wings, anything out of reach and therefore desirable or to be envied; but the quotidian khaki of the ordinary infantry, even of the neat Colonial troops, in their shorts, passed in a fatal diminuendo of vivats; as for the tanks, a heavy silence answered their thunder; no, that was too inartistic a reminder; only Germans can be so violently naive in the exploitation of the power-complex; give us red, give us blue. The Foreign Legion, of course, was the exception; all the world's worst literature has failed to dent the implacable, stern romance of those shut, brown faces; and at that moment, the only one, reality was greeted with more delirium than the bright show.

The smartness of all this "Let's pretend" faded out towards night, not on account of the dubious weather; a little, perhaps, on account of fatigue, but surely most of all because even the most dashing make-believe must pale before the realisation of the hour; how many hours before zero? So the out-of-door dancing places were scantier (and why has horrid jazz ousted the divine accordion?) Quarters usually dense till the small hours were silent and almost bare; doubtless Montmartre continued to make a gallantish show, but the rest——. Along the black *quais*, a sober crowd watched with few exclamations the Cocteau Tower sprout in rubies, melt in topaz, kiss its emeralds; the river shook in spasms of light; the tender trees breathed down the radium air of l'Ile de France. An elaborate Republican apotheosis gorged the Place du Trocadéro with a hang-over of regionalist, military and Parisian mass, in costume and *en civil*; this is always self-conscious; why is Marianne by now so unconvincing? Perhaps her Russian counterpart was too much the opposite; the Phrygian bonnet is, anyhow, a trifle faded. As I remembered the unrivalled expertness of the morning's theatricality, out Reinhardting all Reinhardts, with that dangerous *arrière fond* to help it out, I remembered also the reinforcements of police that appeared in those creepy charabancs to stem back the over-swollen crowd that threatened, willy-nilly, to bar the Avenue, the cries of "*Sales flics*," the protestations of the

fat, abruptly compressed man in the white linen trousers and grotesque white hat, the *rentrée dans l'ordre* after the quiet brutality of the para-military squeezings and objurgations. That is a Revolution; they are too many, they are helpless, silly, and they are right; there they are, before you can say knife, in the middle of the highway; and then the trouble begins; no one's fault, everyone's fault. So let us have the inspiriting bombast of exhibitions, showing the pallor of Robespierre, Danton's bull-neck, Charlotte Corday's impatience; that will make us forget the muddy economies of it all. Beloved Humanity, gushing fountain of courage, always spiking even mouldering death with a blaze of cockades, costuming the stupidity, turning the unutterable dreariness of waiting, of exploitations, of idiotic ambitions, of the whole *train-train* of little life, into a masterly outburst of spectacle!

DERWENT

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH

To exhibit side by side pictures by French and English painters is a practice to be commended, provided the organisers of such exhibitions display tact as well as taste in selection. The directors of the Lefevre Galleries have displayed both; and the result is an exhibition at once delightful and instructive. There is always a risk that English pictures will be crushed beneath the gravity and science of the French, and be made to look worse than they really are. For, by comparison with the searching and workmanlike art of France, British art—of course I am thinking of visual art only—is apt to appear decorative and frivolous, or, to put it bluntly, flimsy and superficial. No such impression is produced here: the organisers have seen to that. The French are not at full strength, and the most thorough English painters—Sickert, Duncan Grant, Nash, Matthew Smith, Vanessa Bell—are handsomely represented.

To be sure, there is an early Bonnard of surpassing beauty, *Le Repas au Jardin*, which is the loveliest thing in the place; and the smallish Segonzac is full worthy of that admirable painter. But Matisse has painted better pictures than any of the three here to be seen, though the *Pont Saint Michel*, besides being a fine piece of construction, is immensely interesting as showing what was in the artist's mind about 1906, and suggesting that when he chose to take the line of least resistance perhaps he did not make the best choice possible. Picasso is not represented at all. It may be argued that he is not French; but then, unless I have been misinformed, neither is Lurçat, who nevertheless is allowed to contribute almost the largest and almost the worst picture to the show. Derain's *Fillette en Bleu*, without being impressive, is a good and satisfying piece of work, which reminds us of what the artist too often lets us forget, that Derain is still considerable. There are characteristically good things by Braque and Utrillo, an important Rouault, and an enchanting interior by Vuillard.

But the event of the exhibition is the "come back" of Duncan Grant. Some critics and amateurs have of late been shaking their heads over this artist and opining that he had come to the end of his tether. This, I happen to know, was never the opinion of the more understanding of his fellow artists, and his contribution to this exhibition nobly justifies their confidence. It is now plain that during the last few years he has been consolidating a position from which to advance: and advanced he has. Not since first he took the town, or Carfax at all events, by storm, has he produced anything as exciting as this gloriously luminous *Provençal Landscape*. It is the deepest picture in the show—deeper than the Bonnard I think—and no one can hope to appreciate it till he (or she) has looked at it long and searchingly. It is the fruit of cogitation and labour: the composition is of a Poussinesque serenity and science; the severe landscape, elaborated in the manner of Cézanne, is illuminated by a delicious foreground airily and impressionistically treated; the parts come together with the precision of—of a work of art. It is amusing, if you happen to be of those who are amused by seeing tables turned, to compare this picture with those of Dufy. There are six of them, and they are charming of course; but one wonders whether it was wise to frame them, thus calling attention to their superficiality. Surely it would have been better to leave them for what they are, decorations which would enhance the gaiety of a restaurant or look modish in silk on chairs and sofas or the limbs of young ladies.

Duncan Grant's other contributions confirm the impression of mastery and achievement created by the big landscape. The snow scene is a peculiarly beautiful and vivid study—a vision of transitory loveliness, captured, and restated in the durable language of art. The portrait, another exacting piece of work, deeply considered and arduously wrought, is, I believe, a certain stiffness about the painting of the head notwithstanding, a great picture. Also it is what a portrait of an attractive woman should be, a picture first and foremost, yet discreetly adumbrating romance and *volupté* even, and situating the figure in an appropriate background as attractive and as elaborately painted as itself. Of all the Duncan Grants only the *Nude* fails to convince me, smacking, to my taste, something of the workshop.

Sickert is not seen quite at his best; but his portrait of Mr. Duncan MacDonald is a joy, delightfully painted, the figure exquisitely placed, and the whole thing full of Sickertian gusto and pleasantry. I understand the artist calls it "The Scottish Romeo." Also I understand that one of our most generous and discriminating amateurs has purchased and will offer it to the Tate. Cannot another amateur be found to do as much for the *Provençal Landscape*?

CLIVE BELL

## WORDS AND TONES

In accordance with an often expressed wish of the late W. B. Yeats Miss Edith Craig arranged a performance at the Ellen Terry Barn Theatre, at Smallhythe, on Sunday, July 2nd, of poems, plays and songs. If he had lived he would have taken the liveliest interest in such a performance for his mind was still open upon this extraordinarily complex problem of the combination of words with music and he was still in search of a satisfactory solution from his own point of view. As it was the programme was designed as a memorial to Yeats with the collaboration of those friends such as Dorothy Wellesley, Hilda Matheson and V. C. Clinton-Baddeley who had been a great help to him in their patient endeavour to elucidate and make more precise what he wanted.

Yeats had a very sure instinct and impeccable taste, but like many famous poets he was not musical in the ordinary sense, and had very little, if any, acquaintance with the great classical art of music. To him music really meant folk-music and to this he was unusually sensitive. I have known him moved almost to tears by a simple song. But I hasten to add that what moved him was something purely artistic. He was not at all sentimental and the mere emotional appeal of a sentimental idea—which constitutes the sum of most popular response to music—would have moved him not at all. On the other hand it is very likely that the majority of the great songs of Schubert would have made no impression upon him owing to their too great musicality. What he loved was the melodic directness of folk-song in which the music and the words combine to make one expression, and it was the expression that mattered to him. Not the purity of intonation. Now, to the born musician, intonation is of prime importance. He is hurt to frenzy by a singer being out of tune. Not all good musicians have absolute pitch, but they are all extremely sensitive to intonation, whereas Yeats would not have known whether a singer was in tune or not. But what he would have known infallibly in the case of a folk-song was whether it was well or ill sung from his point of view, which, as I have said, was that of expression, not intonation.

As it was very difficult, if not almost impossible, to explain

to Yeats what intonation was (and I use intonation as meaning the production of musical tones of definite pitch), it may be conceived that the average singer or musician could not imagine what he was talking about when he repudiated correct concert-hall singing as detestable. Nevertheless, he was right and what he missed in such singing was the artist. The average musician does not ask for an artist, but only for a musician, who may or may not be an artist.

Ireland is very rich in folk-song, and it has lingered on there longer than in England. Yeats had a passionate desire to write songs that the people of his country would sing as they had sung the old songs and he actually, as we all know, succeeded in writing a number of excellent songs, such as *The Parnellites*, most of which have been published in the Cuala Broadsides. A number of these were admirably sung by Mr. W. Leighton, accompanied by Miss Marjorie Gabain on the Recorder at the Barn Theatre. But Yeats was not content with writing such songs; he wanted all living poets to do the same and, if they could not find modern musicians to compose tunes for them, to write new words to old tunes as Robert Burns and Thomas Moore had done. Of English poets his friend Dorothy Wellesley had been the most enterprising and successful, and several of her songs were sung at the Barn Theatre, including one *The Judas Tree*, which made a perfect and most arresting introduction to Yeats's play *Resurrection*, which, on the whole, was the most successful of the three plays by Yeats produced at the Barn Theatre on this occasion, the others being *Kathleen-ni-Houlihan* and *Purgatory*.

The Barn Theatre performance proved that songs of this sort, accompanied simply by a recorder, which frequently did nothing but announce the tune and play a refrain between the verses, can be definitely enjoyable for they were undoubtedly successful with the audience. Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley's readings of a number of Yeats's poems and of Dorothy Wellesley's incantation, *Fire*, was another attractive feature of the performance which proved that it is perfectly possible to arrange a programme of plays, songs and poems which make together a homogeneous and convincing programme. Miss Edith Craig's experiment may therefore be said to have completely justified itself. Also, it is only by actual experiment that one can learn what to aim at and what to try to avoid.

What we need now is writers who will write songs expressive of the contemporary life around them, and musicians who will seek after expressive tones for these words instead of teasing their wits trying to outdo the latest experimenter in new theories of harmony or scales. It is impossible to compose songs by a process of mere cerebration, however ingeniously active. Songs have got to come from a deeper source and their virtue is dependent as Yeats thought it was—upon their expressiveness. Naturally, the expression of to-day must be different in some respects to that of the past, but in one essential respect it must be the same. That is to say it must take the route inscribed by Beethoven upon his great *Missa Solennis*, namely "From the heart may it find its way into the heart again."

W. J. TURNER

# THE MOVIES

**"The Rebel Son." London Pavilion.**
**"The Four Just Men." Tivoli.**
**"Women on the Wind." Regal.**
**"Heritage of the Desert." Carlton.**

THESE films have meagre entertainment value, they are not for those who like good films, but for those who have seen everything else, and have nothing better to do. *The Rebel Son* is our old friend Tarass Boulba come to life (?) and is as bad as an English film can be. How bad is that? Imagine an 80 minute charade acted by a couple of families who live in two country houses that are not quite "places," with sons at Oxford, Roedean daughters, and several neighbours and old servants who have "done charades" before. Old Boulba is a foreigner (Harry Baur) but he's lived here long enough to enter into the spirit of the thing. He rules over his Cossacks, cheery souls by all accounts, and wonderful blokes in a rough-house. His two sons, Andrew and Peter (Antony Bushell and Roger Livesey) are at Magdalen and Univ., one in the O.U.D.S., the other in the Bullingdon, to which most of the Horsey Cossacks belong. They live on the Great Steppe, with just a wee suspicion of the North Circular about it. And the women! There's a Cossack maid whose voice has the poetry of tennis nets being raised and lowered, and all Kensington in her kisses, enough to make a man run mad—and a Polish princess, fresh from a Buttery, with more than a spot of fighting and the wildest escapades. And when the Cossacks fight it's the real thing, with everybody making a terrible din and the extras behaving like Old Boy's Day.

When you've given your heart to a Cossack girl to tear
Way out on Western Avenue
With a Worthington Advertisement in her hair
And eyes like Tea for Two!
There's many a bloke will run amoke
And follow the Cossack trail
For a horse and a lance and a Russian dance
And a pipe and a stoop of ale.

*The Four Just Men* is harder to forgive because it is a well-directed, well-photographed, well-acted film. The beginning is like the best Hitchcock, the execution of a spy by the axe is the kind of scene which will soon debilitate one from attending any more cinemas, the first appearances of the Four Just Men are good melodrama, the spy plot, up to the murder of the first spy, is exciting and plausible. Then the charade begins. *The Four Just Men* of Edgar Wallace were international, and interested in Justice, but that was in 1905. In 1939 they are interested in Saving the Empire, and recruiting for the Territorials, in which case they should leave spies to be caught by the Secret Service, Scotland Yard, or the Home Office, and not get in their way. The second half of the film is noticeable for the same good acting and good photography, but the action is so impossible and the sentiment so deplorable that they are quite wasted. A pity, because Francis Sullivan as Poiccard is good, and Frank Lawton as Terry (wasn't it Thièry in 1905?) is decorative. Unreality is the vice of English films, unreal acting, unreal sentiment, unreal men and women, and unreal thinking is the cause of this. *The Four Just Men*, done as a period piece, would have been startling; hashed up into a plea for Preparedness it is nonsense. This is an example of what a sinister collapse of taste we are in for. If the next war will end civilisation, the preparations for war are already giving it the last haircut.

Both these English films might have been improved if the heroines had been left out.

*Women on the Wind* and *Heritage of the Desert* are American pictures, quietly acted, and semi-adult. *Women on the Wind* is about the most terrifying people, Klaxon-voiced American girls who go in for Air Derby's together, and pull out plugs from each other's petrol tanks, and land on one wheel. They are heroic and friendly and full of thyroid and guts, and Kay Francis, not glamorous any more, but just a nice girl, moves among them and turns out a good sport too. The noise of aeroplanes dominates this picture, and if you like that, don't miss it.

*Heritage of the Desert* is an attempt to act a Zane Grey story as if it made sense. On a patch of desert which I am coming to know very well, live the surviving members (three brothers short) of a family. They are good. But Bad Man (about fifty, bad age) is robbing them in name of absentee landlord, who turns up as a tenderfoot and falls in love with Good Man's Daughter. Before they can marry and own the Ranch, blood must flow. The Good lose remaining son, the Bad lose Bad Man himself (strangled by Good Man, so virtue triumphs), four assistants, and many less known personalities. Once again, whether on the desert or the air port, the Steppes, or the London of the Four Just Men, virtue pays. But at what a cost! If you are good, you will kill fewer people, but you will kill all the same. One of the Just Men said he did it because he was in love. "In love with funny old England."

And you get killed just the same, like the G men, but not in such large numbers as the Wicked, or in such a painful way. So if you can, keep out. Be neither good nor evil, avoid the Desert as you would a woman's Derby, do not betray your country. Try not to notice it.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "Four and Twenty Black Sheep," at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street

This programme is of the *théâtre intime* character which, until the advent of the Gate Theatre and Mr. Farjeon's revues, was so annoyingly absent in London. Without the resources of the foregoing, the Free German League of Culture has nevertheless contrived to inject the political and intellectual sharpness, and the at once wider and more topical scale of values, that one was awaiting. The closest parallel to the present production that I can remember was Erika Mann's *Pfeffermühle*. There also the actors were refugees, and included, as in this case, names well known to the pre-Nazi German public. Here, at the Arts, at least half, if not more, of the items are in English, and even when they are not, as in the excellent political satire *The Emperor's New Clothes*, the meaning is simple to follow. Frau Annamarie Hase, formerly so celebrated, provides one of the most moving performances with her fairy story, which she tells to two children. This is a brilliant evocation of the feelings of the refugee; sad and comic truths are mixed in a manner which should stir the most placid nature. Herr Wolpe-Wooping and Herr Fisher are responsible for the project as a whole (the latter, incidentally, announced the Czech mobilisation on the radio), and the entertainment opens with a brilliant recitation of the Refugee Poem, recently published in these pages.

### Summer Exhibition at the Leicester Gallery

This catholic and carefully chosen exhibition gives an excellent representation of contemporary British art. Indeed, if the Royal Academy made any conscientious attempt to fulfil the purpose for which it was created, this is the sort of show it would offer to us. There are a few shocking bad pictures for the benefit of the innocent rich; Edzard, Suzanne Eisendieck, Mariette Lydis and Ernest Procter have not been forgotten, and Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's landscape shows that he fully deserves his recent election as an A.R.A. But most of our best artists are well represented, and a generous showing is given to young painters with a reputation still to make. An interior by Sickert is not one of his best recent works, though the plants on the dresser are beautifully painted, but a Venetian scene and a Dieppe drawing are marvels. Duncan Grant is represented by a most splendid early work and a rather unlucky, not new, landscape. There are particularly good examples of Frances Hodgkins, Ivon Hitchens, Matthew Smith, Therese Lessore, Vanessa Bell, Coxon, Pitchforth, Mary Potter, Brynhild Parker, Robert Medley and Aldridge. Graham Sutherland's picture is the weightiest thing in the whole Exhibition. John Piper, an artist who has in the past been inhibited from fully exploiting his unusual gifts by undue puritanism or introspectiveness, provides one of the most delightful surprises in the show, the rich and bold *Dead Resort*. There are beautiful drawings by Rossetti and Henry Moore. A very early picture by Brangwyn reminds us that this artist was promising before he took so wrong a turning. A large figure-piece by Mervyn Peake leaves us interested but unconvinced. Three little pictures by Leila Faithfull display sensibility and a charming touch. There is a sprinkling of foreign pictures, including works by Lépine (delicious), Lebourg, Chaplin and Sérusier. An Austrian, F. Jerusalem, and a Catalan, Joan Junyer, are individual, imaginative and specially worth attention. Altogether the Leicester Galleries deserve our gratitude for so happy and varied an exhibition, in which young painters are allowed to shoulder their respected seniors. It would have been still more valuable if each of the living artists had been represented by recent works.

### Pictures of People at the Leger Gallery
### Summer Exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery
### Uhlmann and Steven Bone at the Arcade Gallery

The "pictures of people" at the Leger Gallery may suggest to somebody that there are good portrait painters in England outside the ranks of the expensive practitioners. Unfortunately some of the best portraitists are not included—there is nothing by Vanessa Bell, Coldstream or Moynihan, and there are some shattering affairs: Miss Anna Zinkeisen, for instance, has excelled herself. Sickert's portrait of Forbes Robertson is imaginative in conception, audacious in design and most delicate in colour. Eminent men are too rarely painted by eminent artists, and it is very important to secure this picture for the National Portrait Gallery. A small Picasso is the noblest exhibit. An early John, a Peploe, a Frances Hodgkins and an Ethel Walker are other serious and enjoyable works. The Christopher Wood is an excellent example of this very clever if superficial painter.

The Beaux Arts Gallery is showing an Anglo-French miscellany including David Jones's fine self-portrait (and two of his covetable water-colours), good pictures by Gertler and William Nicholson, a Venetian scene by Edmond Ceria, a couple of Ettys, a couple of Marchands, a Sickert and a Matthew Smith. The exhibition has no particular *raison d'être*, but is agreeable.

The Arcade Gallery, between Bond Street and Albemarle Street, is showing some very pleasant small paintings by Stephen Bone and Fred Uhlmann: the former has a nice sense of gentle colour, the latter combines German romanticism with a French feeling for design, and is one of the best artists that Germany has rejected.

[We regret that the notice of Mr. Paul Nash's exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's referred to him as Mr. John Nash.]

## THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 21st—
- Dr. Elizabeth Hill: "Russian and Soviet Literature," 98 Gower Street, 8.
- Deana Levin: "Money, Love and Ambition in the U.S.S.R.," 2 Keats Grove, N.W.3, 8. (NOT 67 Eton Avenue, as given last week.)
- "Four and Twenty Black Sheep," German Cabaret, Arts Theatre.

SUNDAY, July 23rd—
- S. K. Ratcliffe: "The White Man in the Pacific," Conway Hall, 11.
- Social in aid of the Anti-Fascist Relief Committee, Lyndale School, Lecture Centre, 67 Eton Avenue, 7.45.

MONDAY, July 24th—
- Fifteenth International Congress of the History of Art, University College. Till July 29th.
- Masefield's "Tristan and Isolt," Minack Cliff Theatre, Porthcurno, Cornwall. Guest artist, Miss Violet Vanbrugh.
- Fifteenth-century Passion Play, Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich. Till July 29th. Particulars of membership from the Secretary at the Theatre.
- "Colony," Unity Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 25th—
- C. E. Hartland: "Can We Economise in Building Technique?" Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1, 1. Non-members, 1s.
- Councillor Silver: "A.R.P. in relation to the work of the local Council," 67 Eton Avenue, 8.30.

# Correspondence

## HITLER'S WAR PLANS

SIR,—Herr Strasser writes in your last number:

> Because they (the German opponents of the Hitler regime) consider the downfall of Hitler without war to be a sheer illusion in view of the present material and psychological situation in Germany, they consider it all the more necessary to precipitate a war as soon as possible to save Germany and Europe from destruction.

May I most solemnly assure the people of Great Britain that this is untrue? For three years under Hitler and for three years in exile I have had the closest contact with German Liberals and persecuted Catholics, with Communists and persecuted Protestants, with Social Democrats and Trade Unionists. I have discussed the situation with the rank and file and with the leaders of the different German opposition groups—and none of them is for war. The German opposition within and outside Germany is for peace. It is for peace just as every man and woman in this and other countries is for peace, because war means millions of dead, millions of mutilated, and terrible misery for us all. It is for peace just as the German people is for peace; and anybody who favours war cuts himself off from the German people. It is for peace because it knows that peace is fatal to Hitler. It is for peace because it realises that opposition work is definitely more difficult in war than in peace. Every responsible member of the German opposition, every German opposition movement which really has its

roots in the people is for peace and against "precipitating war."

War! How could we of the German opposition in exile belittle and despise the heroic and increasingly successful work of the German opposition within Germany by declaring: "What you are doing is hopeless; sit down and wait until the people of other countries come and do the work for you"? We of the German opposition are grateful for any help we receive from a feeling of international solidarity with a people downtrodden by barbaric war-mongers. We are grateful for active propaganda in favour of peace and against war, in favour of democracy and against barbarism such as is made by the B.B.C. in its German talks. We are grateful for propaganda work such as is done by friends who sometimes send thousands of letters into Germany to explain the real situation to the German people. We are grateful too for financial help. But we know that the work of actually overthrowing the Hitler government, the work of creating a democratic Germany living in peace with the other countries of this world, is the work of the German people, and we are proud that this is our work. It is the idea of having fought for this which keeps up the spirit of our brothers and sisters in the concentration camps and prisons of Fascism. It is the idea of fighting this glorious battle which drives forward the members of the German opposition, the Catholics and the Communists, the Confessional Protestants and the Social Democrats, the Liberals and the Trade Unionists. Think of the great men who have fought with us, of those who are fighting with us to-day, and of those who are waiting till they can join the fight again. Think of Ossietzky and Heinrich Mann, Thälmann and Einstein. Think of the thousands and thousands who are nameless. None of them thought or thinks that other nations should do the job for us, none of them would ever think of giving to the world a declaration of the abdication of the German people. We Germans have been beaten, but we are still fighting and we are fighting with increasing strength, and we will win our war for culture and democracy and peace. . . .

London, N.W.3. JÜRGEN KUCZYNSKI

[We have received several other similar letters from German exiles. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## GERMAN "BLOOD"

SIR,—The Prime Minister is one of the principal vehicles for Nazi propaganda in this country. We must accept this unfortunate fact. But it might at least be hoped that his statements, when demonstrably false, would be contradicted. No-one has apparently questioned his statement in the House of Commons on July 10th that "racially, Danzig is, almost wholly, a German city." On the contrary the *Times* of the same date contains a letter from Sarah Wambaugh stating that "Danzig is, of course, in very large majority German in blood and language," and this view seems to be generally accepted.

No doubt the majority of the people of Danzig are linguistically and presumably therefore, culturally, Germans. But racially this is not the case. One of the best criteria for differences of racial origin in Europe is the proportion of a population belonging to the different blood groups. As we go eastwards the frequency of membership of blood group B rises from 7–9 per cent. (England, Belgium, Holland, Portugal) to over 20 per cent. in most parts of the Soviet Union. The contour lines run roughly north and south in continental Europe, though with some exceptions. The Greeks, for example, have the same frequency as the Saxons, and much lower than the Balkan peoples. In Germany the frequency of group B varies from 9.6 per cent. in the Rhineland, through 11.2 in Franconia and 14.7 per cent. in Berlin to 15.7 per cent. in East Prussia. In Danzig 17.9 per cent. of the people belong to group B, and in Warsaw 19.9 per cent. Thus racially the Danzigers are right outside the very wide range covered by the German "race," and are intermediate between Germans and Poles. Actually their blood group composition is closer to that of the Finns than of any other people.

A slightly more refined form of the same criterion is even less favourable to German claims. But I have used figures which depend on no theory, and can readily be verified from the literature.

It only remains to add that the data for Danzig were collected by workers named Wagner and Püschel, whose names do not suggest that they falsified their data in favour of Poland, and that of the small sample of Jewish blood investigated in Berlin, 12 per cent. belonged to group B.

I do not suggest that such facts as these ought to be taken into consideration in deciding the destinies of a folk. But if "blood" and "race" are to be considered in this connection, the fact concerning them may as well be stated correctly.

J. B. S. HALDANE

[Professor Haldane's point about German blood is of interest. We cannot however, see any sense in his suggestion that the Prime Minister is a Nazi propagandist because he uses the word "race" in the sense in which it is generally employed.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## ULSTER AND THE I.R.A.

SIR,—With the purely political aspect of Margaret Barrington's letter in your issue of the 15th inst. I am not concerned, but there are certain facts with which I must deal—facts of which she is as lamentably ignorant as the "well-informed English circles" which she mentions.

The first example of her "knowledge" of Ulster affairs is her statement (and its inference) that the Westminster Parliament has voted £12,000,000 every year to Ulster, the inference being that Westminster subsidises Ulster to that extent annually. Does she not know that that £12,000,000 and much more is raised by taxation in Ulster, and that so far from Ulster being subsidised—except, of course, in common with other parts of the United Kingdom—Ulster actually contributes annual sums to the British exchequer?

Your correspondent goes on to make the utterly ludicrous statement that most of the £12,000,000 above mentioned is used for the support of an "army of thugs," the "B" Specials. If that silly allegation were correct, it would mean that each Special constable gets a wage of well over £1,000 a year! Really, someone has been "pulling her leg." No wonder there has been no protest (as she complains) from the Opposition benches.

Here is another example of truth in propaganda. She states, "The Ulster Protestants hold their power . . . through the driving out of the Catholic Nationalist population." If she will call upon me I will show her the last Census returns for Ulster (just completed) which reveal that the Roman Catholic population has increased by thousands in such places as Belfast, and not only so, but about 80 per cent. of the Roman Catholic population in Belfast are employed by Protestants!

She also states that there is not one Roman Catholic judge. That is not the truth. The County Court Judge for Tyrone is a Roman Catholic. She adds that there are no important Roman Catholic officials. That also is untrue, and if she wishes I will give her privately the names of such officials. But in any case, judges and officials are not appointed according to the religion they profess.

As an Ulster-born woman I am sure Miss Barrington did not intentionally desire to mislead your readers, but it is a great pity that she did not ascertain the facts before going to print. I wonder what is the object of submitting to intelligent readers such a tissue of falsehoods as she has done? E. P. NORTHWOOD,

Press Officer to Northern Ireland Government.

## GERMAN PROPAGANDA

SIR,—The news in English from the German Short-wave transmitter (31.38 m.), broadcast daily at 10.15 p.m., is invariably entertaining and sometimes side-splittingly Groucho Marx—witness its recent allegation that the British Labour Party "is controlled by five Jewish millionaires: Lord Southwood, Sir John Ellerman, Mr. Victor Gollancz (how flattered he must be), Mr. Harold J. Laski, and Mr. Abraham Abrahams (?)." To-night, however, there was a "surprise item": your excellent leader, "Dog Eats Dog," from last week's issue, was broadcast! The latter half of the first paragraph and the whole of the second paragraph were omitted, but, otherwise, the article was read precisely as printed—down to the missing "the" in the final sentence.

Might I suggest that a few presentation copies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION be despatched to Berlin as reward for this uncalled-for publicity?

35 Kinburn Road, J. H. BLACK
Manchester, 19.

## THE BATTLE OF THE RENTS

SIR,—Mr. Best's letter shows up where we stand. He has enlarged on certain symptoms of the disease which we are both set to cure. He advocates a symptomatic treatment. He does not believe that high rents, neglected properties, etc., are symptoms of a disease at all—he believes that they are diseases born of themselves and this is what he means by "legislating directly on the issues." Symptomatic treatment is the method of the un-

tutored practitioner. I have diagnosed the disease as being a serious insufficiency of houses for a large working-class population and prescribed a careful treatment for a permanent cure by bringing about a sufficiency of housing accommodation. I bear in mind the fact that rent strikes and Rent Acts do not alarm landlords as much as the appearance of hundreds of new flats. Rent strikes and Rent Acts are temporary and partial blows; new blocks of flats are a complete and lasting blow.

Rent Acts do not encourage builders. Site values warn them, present rating systems threaten them with penalties; tenants' leagues wait for them around the corner to set about them. Mr. Best naively proceeds to state that the local authorities must be encouraged to build. I presume he believes they should receive a subsidy. If so, Mr. Best should be heralded as the landlord's friend. The owners of neglected yet valuable sites are always on the watch for a council with a subsidy in its pocket, keen and anxious to buy. In fact, an important reason why these sites are not improved is the anticipation that sooner or later Mr. Best may be successful in persuading the Government to grant a subsidy to the local authority. When the council has bought, the loss has to be borne by the ratepayers and taxpayers, and the profit is pocketed by the site owners of the district. My suggestion is that the site owners should pay. Tax the annual value of their sites and do not penalise the improvements of their sites. Unimproved land will, of necessity to the owner, soon be employed to the best advantage. The owners dare not ask for exorbitant prices from the council in case they are assessed at that figure. The owner of the hovels to which Mr. Best refers will realise that by improving his hovels he will not be fined, as he would be to-day, by a higher assessment for rates.

Yet Mr. Best does not believe the remedy lies here. I prophesy that the property owners as a body, who know where their interests lay better than Mr. Best knows where the interests of his tenants lay, will vote gladly for his suggestions in preference to my own.

Mr. Best treats with contempt the sanctity of contracts. He scorns one of the greatest privileges of free men. The international situation of to-day discloses the chaos resulting from a similar outlook by nations led by irresponsibles.

To class the rent strikers with labour strikers is not fair to the latter—it is an instance of confusion caused by terminology. A labour striker is a hero. He takes nothing from his employer, he refuses to hire his services except at his own price, which he has a perfect right to do. He risks starvation and permanent unemployment. A rent striker is a person who takes possession of a flat belonging to another under a promise to pay a certain rent, subsequently refuses to pay his rent, does not do so for about half a year, invites eviction, while his friends and others put up barricades and other forms of resistance, and enlist the support of members of the International Brigade to hit at the court and police officers who have to do their duty. Moreover, he believes if he is evicted that he has a good chance of getting back to his flat and paying his arrears of rent by 6*d*. per week, and he will then ask the public to commiserate with him at the heartlessness of a landlord who has, after half a year's loss of rent, finally enforced his rights. ANONYMOUS

[Our correspondent's advocacy of rating reform has our wholehearted approval. But this is a long term policy and will certainly not be carried out by any National Government. For this reason it is understandable that the people of Stepney do not respect the "sanctity of contract" as much as he does. We are reminded of a case recently quoted by a Catholic paper—five families sharing one lavatory whose door must be padlocked at night to prevent its use as sleeping quarters. Does our correspondent believe that, after twenty years of such conditions, tenants can be expected to wait patiently for rating-reform, especially when they live under a Government supported by the landlords? "Sanctity of contracts is one of the greatest privileges of free men," he argues. But were the Stepney tenants who signed their contracts "free"? —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## FEDERAL UNION

SIR,—Critic's comments on the National Peace Congress and Federal Union are misleading.

Señor Madariaga carefully refrained from either support or opposition to Federal Union, but made in his speech certain criticisms of the campaign for a World Conference. I write without verbatim notes before me; but as I remember it, the gist of his criticism was that an ill-prepared conference was like a banquet to which the guests had been summoned but no meal prepared, and there would under such circumstances be the danger that the guests would at least quarrel amongst themselves, if indeed they did not, in excess of hunger, eat each other.

The opposition in the Congress to Federal Union came under two heads.

First, that the Congress was being rushed into supporting a policy which it had not had adequate time or opportunity to discuss. One delegate called for a show of hands to find out how many in the Congress had ever read Streit's book, *Union Now*, and it appeared that out of a Congress of about 150 only 9 were prepared to say that they had read it—including, of course, its official representatives in the Congress. This same delegate drew attention to the fact that the complete pacifists in the Congress—who were in a majority of about 5 to 1—clearly did not understand what they were being asked to support, or else, on the basis of their pacifist principles, they would at least be compelled to reject the idea of the defence by force of the Federal Union when it existed.

The second objection to Federal Union came from the supporters of Collective Security, and had nothing whatsoever to do with its being crypto-Fascist. This argument was, so far as I am aware, not raised once. The grounds for opposition of at least three supporters of Collective Security—including myself—were to presenting Federal Union as a new policy which would solve all the problems of the present international situation.

The principle of limitation of national sovereignty is not a new one. Considerable limitation is inherent in the Covenant of the League, but even that limitation proved, over Manchuria and Abyssinia, too much for the tradition of national interest of the Great Powers. The British Empire itself has not achieved, between the Dominions and this country, a unitary currency, tariff, defence policy or even a unitary policy as regards being at war or not at war. Surely then it is unrealistic to believe that the Federal principle can supply a speedy solution to the immediate dangers with which we are faced.

This second argument did not deal with whether Federal Union was or was not a practical long-term proposition, but simply with the irresponsibility with which this policy was being held out as an immediate panacea to the world's ills. In so handling their proposals those responsible for Federal Union will no doubt find support from many people who are ever on the look-out for a simple solution, but they will not be acting either in the best interests of the Peace Movement, or of the principle for which Federal Union stands. DICK FREEMAN

76 Carlton Mansions,
Randolph Avenue, W.9.

## A NAZI FILM

SIR,—In a recent visit to Germany I was able to see the official Nazi film of the Kondor Legion. This film brings out very clearly that German and Italian intervention was the decisive factor in the Spanish "civil" war, and confirms, often in detail, the statements made by Anti-Fascists in this country. It begins with the "Spanish Revolution" and popular front demonstrations, clenched fist salutes, and pictures of refugees fleeing from the terror across the French frontier that may or may not have been taken in this connection. There is also a scene of the desecration of a church that is the most telling piece of propaganda in the film, and then a few corpses are shown to indicate the commencement of civil strife. No attempt is made to argue the legality of the Franco revolt, though the impression of a violent Communist uprising may nevertheless be conveyed to a Nazi audience; this is in accordance with the general policy of the film, which is historically correct in nearly all its factual statements; indeed, the film includes some unexpected sequences, as for instance one of the refugees on the French frontier who are fleeing from Franco.

A feature of the film is the absence of any avowed political basis. The Reds are just a gang of murderers and church burners with no other aim and the Nazis are just decent chaps going out to restore order. The assistance given to the Spanish Government by "International Communist Fanatics" is consistently stressed and made the reason for Germany's intervention. We are shown pictures in which French, Czech, British and American (but no Russian) prisoners of the International Brigade are questioned; care is taken to include several Negroes in the American contingent, but no Jews.

The absence of Jews is particularly interesting, as this is a general feature of the film. It is of course possible that Nazis consider that fighting a civil war is outside the line of Jewish activity, but it is also possible that it is due to the influence of Juan March and the Catholic Church in Spain.

It is, however, the pictures of the actual work of military inter-

vention that are for us the most important part of the film. When the Republican forces attacked at Brunete the Kondor Legion were sent there as they were later sent to Teruel; they fought against the Basques, on the Ebro and against Barcelona in the last stages of the war. The German forces are also shown to have immense material resources at their disposal. A shot of an air field shows twelve immense bombing planes and a bank of some 2,000 heavy bombs. Another sequence shows a battery of heavy artillery drawn up on the edge of a road without the slightest attempt at camouflage, and these and other pictures of the heavy artillery gave me the impression that they were the most important single military factor in winning the war for Franco. The weakness of the republican gunfire is obvious; one shot shows the wretched little shells bursting among the German soldiers without making a hole in the ground or hurting anyone.

The film closes with views of the victory parades in Spain and Germany. In Spain we are shown the crowds welcoming the victorious troops in a number of different towns and everywhere the preponderance of women is striking; on the average these crowds are 70 to 80 per cent. female, while of those giving the Fascist salute a still higher proportion are women. We are then shown the men of the Kondor Legion being brought back to Germany in the *Robert Ley* and other ships of the German Labour Front which may apparently be used for other things than taking workers for holidays in the Norwegian fjords, and finally they are welcomed by Hitler and Göring. The film closes with views of some 10,000 men of the Kondor Legion drawn up in a large rectangle, while Hitler congratulates them on their victory over Bolshevism. *Sieg Heil!*

CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE

## THE POLISH GUARANTEE

SIR,—Mr. Chamberlain has stated: "We have guaranteed to give our assistance to Poland in the case of a clear threat to her independence which *she* considers it vital to resist with her national forces, and we are firmly resolved to carry out this undertaking."

May I ask your readers to help me in an historical question? Has there ever before in English history been a case in which a British Prime Minister has given a unilateral guarantee to fight on behalf of another country, and, at the same time, by making her the only judge of her own cause, abdicated the right to determine the genuineness of the *casus belli?*

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

London, S.W.1.

## DOG EATS DOG

SIR,—In your admirable leading article "Dog Eats Dog" last week you were mistaken in saying that the *Daily Herald* was "too polite to mention" the row about the *Times* and the rejected letter. The matter was referred to in the *Daily Herald* of July 12th in a paragraph on p. 4 headed "One-way Criticism."

X

[We apologise for an inaccurate statement. The *Daily Herald* mentioned the matter indirectly in a short report of a speech by Sir Archibald Sinclair. It did not print the letter which the *Times* rejected.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## PRAYER FOR THE FÜHRER

SIR,—In to-day's issue of your paper you ask for "Refugee Boy's" address. So here it is, but I would ask you, if this be at all possible, not to publish it, but to inform those who wish to communicate with me, individually.

REFUGEE BOY

[We shall be glad to forward any correspondence addressed to Refugee Boy from this office.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## HOW MANY YEARS IN HITLER?

SIR,—Your remarks about the rise of Astrology in your notes in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of the 15th inst. cause me to send you the following interesting item that I discovered was being handed round in Berlin when I was there a few weeks ago:

Ebert, the first President of the German Republic, has five letters in his name. He was President for five years.

Hindenburg, the second President, has ten letters in his name. He was President for ten years.

Hitler, the present Reich Chancellor and President, has six letters in his name. He will have been President six years next year. Then it will be our turn.

G. W. MORRIS


# Our Net Sales

HALF-YEAR, JANUARY 1 to JUNE 30, 1939

WE have examined the Books and Accounts of The Statesman and Nation Publishing Company Limited and certify that the average Net Sales per issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during the period 1st January 1939 to 30th June 1939 after deducting all free and voucher copies and returns received during the same period and arrived at in accordance with the formula prepared by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Ltd., were 25,419 copies. In addition to this average of 25,419 copies there has been over the same period a weekly average sale of 5,362 introductory subscription copies at a reduced rate making a

**total weekly net sale of**

**30,781 copies**

**over the half-year under review.**

*July* 5, 1939
19a Coleman Street, E.C.2.

(*Signed*) HAMILTON EDDY & ROWAND,
*Chartered Accountants.*

# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

TOLSTOY describes in *War and Peace* how in 1812 Kutuzov used all his power as commander-in-chief to prevent useless battles with Napoleon's invading army and, in particular, tried to prevent them once the retreat from Moscow had begun.

> He could not speak of things as we do now; he could not ask what was the object of fighting and obstructing the road and losing our men, and inhumanly persecuting the poor wretches, when one-third of that army melted away of itself, without a battle, between Moscow and Vyazma. . . . And in spite of Kutuzov's efforts to restrain the army our soldiers attacked the French and tried to bar their way. . . . The infantry regiments slew and were slain in thousands.

Kutuzov's (or perhaps we should say Tolstoy's) thesis bears a great likeness to the most important argument put forward regarding policy (there are many almost equally important regarding practice) in Captain Liddell Hart's book, *The Defence of Britain* (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*). The argument can be summarised as follows: It has been proved by the Great War and the Spanish War that the defensive has now an immense superiority over the offensive. We should therefore limit our purely *military* effort, as apart from that in the air and on the sea, to the minimum and restrict it to what is necessary to hold up enemy offensives. Let the German and Italian armies smash themselves on a fortified frontier until they collapse of themselves. In such a war there would be no victor and no vanquished and the seeds of future wars, born of bitter memories of defeat, would be avoided. It would be better in a European war that nobody should win, and we should not try to do so.

> There is nothing more demoralising to troops than to see the corpses of their comrades piled up in front of an unbroken defence.

But what was the experience of the Spanish War? Was Franco's army more demoralised by being held up outside Madrid than the Government forces were by the conviction that they would never attack successfully and that they had to wait passively while their enemy gathered his new forces for a new stroke? It is essential, even for the side which adopts the defensive, to impose its will upon the enemy.

* * *

Captain Liddell Hart has consistently opposed our building up a great army and sending it to France, partly because he knows that once Generals are in command of huge armies they are only too likely to launch offensives. In our present position such foredoomed attacks are particularly liable to be provoked by the spectacle of a German conquest of Poland. Captain Liddell Hart admits that since Munich the French army will need reinforcements to some extent, since it will be faced by enormously superior numbers of Germans and Italians. He favours however the despatch of mechanised divisions.

> What we could despatch in the way of infantry would only be a fractional addition . . . in August, 1914, the four British divisions despatched to France represented barely 6 per cent. of the forces deployed to meet the invader, whereas a mere two armoured mobile divisions would increase by 66 per cent. the forces of this kind available in France. . . .

While the present generation of soldiers is determined to avoid the blunders of the Great War, its preparations for the next war indicate that the blunders will be repeated. In Germany and Italy the theory of the *Blitzkrieg* apparently holds the field. Indeed it is imposed on them, since they have not the resources to fight a long war. They must succeed at once or fail. The essential for us is to survive and parry the lightning stroke. Yet are we to agree with Captain Liddell Hart that: "Our object is fulfilled if we can convince the enemy that he cannot conquer"? I think not, unless such a conviction costs Hitler and Mussolini their heads and leads to the destruction of the Fascist and Nazi parties. The Germans were able to escape believing that they were defeated in the last war. On p. 34 Captain Liddell Hart says: "The German army was a beaten army before the Allies took the offensive in August 1918," but on page 52 he quotes with approval the words of Sir Douglas Haig, uttered in October 1918: "Germany is not broken in a military sense." From this ambiguity the Germans have evolved the notion that they were never beaten but "tricked," and it seems likely that this legend contains a more fertile seed of war than if they had been decisively vanquished in battles fought in Germany. The Germans love finding scapegoats and imagining themselves to be a wronged people. If the approaching *Blitzkrieg* fails, they must have no scapegoats but their present leaders.

* * *

*The Defence of Britain* is an enthralling book: it deals not only with the principles we should adopt in the next war, but with every detail of our preparations. There are chapters of the very greatest interest dealing with the role of the British army and the defence of the Empire and others concerning the reform of drill and training. The chapters which will attract most attention are those dealing with the condition of affairs in 1937 and during the September crisis last year: the revelations as to the wilful neglect to attend to the needs of anti-aircraft defence. Reading between the lines, it is clear that a deliberate sabotage of intelligence (using the word in its civilian sense) was for long a practice at the War Office. There has been the Gilbertian ambition to punish any officer committing the crime of having brains, or revealing originality or genius, by pigeon-holing him in the dullest possible job in which he shall not have an opportunity to use his talents.

> . . . 1934 saw the promotion to major-general of the first officer of the post-war Tank Corps who had attained this level; he was sent to command a second-class district in India where there were nothing but old-style troops. When the mechanised Mobile Division was created, it seemed mere common sense to give command of it to one of the several officers of mechanised experience who had now risen high enough to be eligible. But the appointment of a cavalry major-general, of late employed in training riding instructors, was advocated. . . . And in the end the compromise course was taken of appointing an artilleryman . . . who had no experience of mobile operations with mechanised troops.

Captain Liddell-Hart can give pages of such examples, all of which serve to convince any young officer that keenness in specialisation will injure his prospects and that preference is shown to officers immune from 'dangerous thoughts,' or brains. Such sabotage as this is a form of treason worse than any foreign agent could devise and the punishment for it should be a Russian one. But even though Mr. Hore-Belisha has not shot any generals so far, the list of the reforms advocated by Captain Liddell Hart and adopted during the last two years is most impressive.

> It may justly be said that more has been done in Mr. Hore-Belisha's two years of office than has been achieved before in a generation.

* * *

Part II of *The Defence of Britain* deals with a survey of the French, Belgian, Dutch and Swiss forces and of the problems which will face them if they are attacked by Germany and Italy. This examination is a necessary preliminary to a discussion of the role of the British Army, and the forces which will be necessary to defend Egypt, etc. It is a little difficult to understand how Captain Liddell Hart reconciles his belief in the immense superiority of the defensive with his faith in the superiority of mobile and mechanised troops. The value of motorised forces in Abyssinia, though the ground was highly unsuitable, was enormous. But they were never exposed to air attack. Guadalajara showed that the most expensively equipped mobile force cannot defend itself against bombing. As a statement of the extremely complicated problems raised by war Captain Liddell Hart's book could not be better. It will be read with intense interest by thousands of the people who are most likely to be killed when a war comes, and will at least help them to die with a fairly clear idea of the forces involved.

DAVID GARNETT

# THE GREAT AGE OF THE WHIGS

**The Whig Supremacy, 1714–1760.** By BASIL WILLIAMS. *Oxford Press.* 12s. 6d.

**Edmund Burke: A Life.** By SIR PHILIP MAGNUS. *John Murray.* 15s.

The chief authority on Stanhope and Chatham was obviously the ideal historian for the eighteenth century in the Oxford History, and Mr. Basil Williams' book well maintains the high standard set by other volumes in this distinguished series. It is the best proof of his success that the reader who follows his well-planned narrative and studies his illuminating interpretations of the characters and the characteristics of the time understands why this age is specially interesting to students of politics at this moment. Mr. Williams divides the age into two parts. In the first, 1714 to 1742, Stanhope and Walpole established the revolution system on a firm basis; in the second, Carteret and Pitt gave England the influence in the world to which her internal stability entitled her. Behind those two sentences we can find the reason why parliamentary government has maintained itself in Great Britain whereas in most countries it has fallen before systems that are stronger in immediate and visible power.

For the Whig Revolution gave England parliamentary government under conditions much more favourable than have ever been found in any other country in the world. The revolution represented the triumph of the great families when the Crown had lost all the power that Charles the Second had gained for it by his seductive and unscrupulous politics. Hence parliamentary government rested on the strength of the strongest class in Europe. Stanhope and Walpole had carried it through the first confusion and set up the Cabinet. The Crown could still exercise an important influence on politics, as we know from the mischief caused by George the Third in the relations of England with the Colonies and with Ireland. But there was no rival to parliamentary government, for there was no institution, central or local, that was not controlled by the aristocracy. The immense resources, material and moral, that the aristocracy had been accumulating since the Reformation, were behind it. And this aristocracy, as de Tocqueville pointed out, had learnt the secret of political survival; for, unlike the fastidious nobility of France, it had seen that a class thrives on social assimilation. It had learnt that a class that means to preserve itself and consolidate its power must always prefer a strategical to a traditional frontier.

Mr. Williams rightly lays stress on the individualism of the age and the weakness of all communal life. Both were closely connected with the circumstances of the revolution. Sir George Trevelyan pointed out that the Whig Revolution was a lawyer's triumph and that the lawyer's temper predominated in the eighteenth century. The lawyer's view happened to coincide both with the philosophy in fashion and the interests of the aristocracy. Consequently vested interests were undisturbed. Hence whereas the reform of Parliament in 1832 was followed by reforms affecting most of our institutions, the Whig Revolution was followed by an age of sloth. Corporate institutions were choked with abuses. This was true of Church and University, of Schools, of Town Corporations, and of all the services. The virtue and energy of the age are found not in corporate bodies but in men. It is an age of individual genius and character displaying themselves in an unregulated world. If you looked at the social life of the nation, you would think it was an age of decay, for neither in Parliament nor elsewhere was there much of Bacon's desire to see "the Civil State purged and restored by good and wholesome laws, devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischief." But if you look at the men whom the age produced, the men of whom Mr. Williams gives such vivid portraits, you would think it was an age of great vitality. Time was allowed to breed great mischiefs but nature managed to breed great men.

Of the institutions rich in abuses, one of course was the House of Commons itself. The case for reform was already pressing when the Whigs made their revolution, but so far from reforming Parliament, they passed two laws to give the worst abuses sanction and permanence. Yet just as men were educated somehow in spite of the neglect of universities, so this House of Commons, ridiculous in respect of its arrangements and its franchise, contrived to give scope to men of character and initiative. The aristocracy enjoyed its abuses but it managed to use the talent thrown up in a mobile society. If Parliament is to be judged by the ability and the large ideas of its best men, the eighteenth century will stand high in spite of its record of impotence and selfishness in domestic reform.

We can see how true this is by a comparison. In 1896 England was ruled by a strong Coalition Government, with a huge majority in the House of Commons. That Government was challenged by a powerful interest in South Africa on an issue on which the Government would have had the full support of the Opposition. The Minister immediately concerned was Joseph Chamberlain, a man of courage and decision. Yet that Government did not dare to assert its authority and to punish the authors of the Raid, though Chamberlain admitted in a private letter to Lord Grey that full disclosure of the facts would be "a death blow to the Charter." If that challenge from the world of finance had been met, it is not improbable that the South African War would have been averted. Contrast with that failure the spirit and energy with which the eighteenth-century Ministers faced similar problems in India. The weakest Government of that time was in some respects the Fox-North Government. For it had against it Court, City, an Opposition strong in talent, and all the mistrust and indignation excited by the coalition. Yet those Ministers showed infinitely more courage in handling a powerful interest than the strong Unionist Government that was in office in 1896.

This spirit seems all the more remarkable when we turn to another aspect of the age. Sir Philip Magnus's admirable biography of Burke is particularly interesting, because he has told us much more about Burke's private life than any previous biographer. He has had access to the Burke papers at Milton and Wentworth Woodhouse and he has made excellent use of these special opportunities. Burke's difficulties over his livelihood and his strangely various plans are fully described. He meant to go to the Bar, but he was prevented by an honourable obstacle. In those days there were no examinations and the only formality required was an oath in denunciation of the Pope. Burke refused to take this oath and his father was so much put out that he stopped his allowance. Burke thought of emigrating to America, but for some reason this plan did not come off; he tried for the post of Consul at Madrid and for the Chair of Logic at Glasgow. Eventually he obtained the post of London Agent to the Colony of New York. Single Speech Hamilton took him to Ireland as his secretary and rewarded three years of service with a pension of £300 a year from the Irish fund. In 1768 he took a step of great importance. He bought the property known as Gregories, at Beaconsfield, an estate of six hundred acres, for twenty thousand pounds, and from that time almost to his death he was involved in numberless scandals in his desperate efforts to maintain himself and his relatives in due state.

Of these scandals Sir Philip Magnus gives a detailed account. When we consider Burke's special place in public life, his splendid efforts against oppression and exploitation and his crusade against the corruption of Parliament, the nature of those scandals is astounding. At the time he was attacking Hastings he was mixed up in all sorts of shady transactions in Indian funds. In 1770 his brother Richard, who held an office in Grenada, bought a great deal of land in St. Vincent from the Red Caribbees for a mere song. Few people thought that the Red Caribbees had the right to sell this land, and Burke devoted an entire chapter of the Annual Register to prove their claim. The scandals that followed make an extraordinary story. Burke used his young friend Fox, then a junior Minister in the North Government, to get the Prime Minister, to whom he was politically opposed, to enter into a complicated, discreditable and unsuccessful transaction for the relief of his brother over this disreputable attempt at plunder.

The cynic might reflect that the Burke family illustrates in its financial conduct all the evils and vices that Burke appeared to want to drive out of public life. What is the explanation? The House of Commons which was regarded as a check upon the Government of the day was largely subject to undue influence in the form of bribes and sinecures. When Burke pursued his great economy campaign that means of control, thanks to the manoeuvres of George the Third, was in the hands of the Crown. Burke, like most Whigs, thought it could not be in worse. Burke was perfectly sincere in his ideals of good and wise government and his view that the influence exercised by George the Third by his control of sinecures was thoroughly mischievous. He saw nothing inconsistent in combining that view with another, the view that the governing class had a right to pick up what it could. For he held the view of the eighteenth-century aristocracy that the governing class was entitled to live on the public in reward for the great service it performed in governing. The abuses and the virtues of aristocratic government were inseparable and to Burke the

abuses ceased to be abuses. Pitt's action in giving away the Clerkship of the Pells when he might have put the £3,000 a year into his own pocket made an immense impression on the outside public, because in this case a public man was refusing for himself something that seemed to his class a natural perquisite. For the most high-minded politician in that age would have taken his office in the spirit of the famous remark of Leo the Tenth : " Since God has given us the Papacy let us enjoy it." J. L. HAMMOND

## NEW NOVELS

**Dr. Norton's Wife.** By MILDRED WALKER. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Their Chimneys Into Spires.** By KATHLEEN WALLACE. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Mary Cloud.** By ROMILLY CAVAN. HEINEMANN. 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Farewell, Night; Welcome, Day.** By STORM JAMESON. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Care of "The Grand."** By JOHN HAMPSON. *Chapman and Hall.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Lotus Blossom.** By GEORGE LANCING. *Robert Hale.* 8*s.*

Lady-novelist is no term of endearment among writers but it must be used in connection with the first four of these books; there's no way round it, they just are the productions of Lady-novelists. Largely devoid of plot and without structure, they are displays of observation, sensibility, and sensitivity pinned to situations inside a family or among a group of friends. *Dr. Norton's Wife* is the length of an ordinary novel but contains little more story than would cover a sixpence. A doctor's wife contracts an incurable disease which kills her very slowly, and the Doctor decides not to be unfaithful to her while she is dying. It's nicely written, it's full of exact observation about people's feelings, the look of things, and small actions; that is enough for a great many readers who do not wish to worry much about the stripping of the bones beneath their skins. If, however, death is going to be treated on the rather prattling level of self-pity it is better to leave Sir Thomas Browne out of it, for this slight and tenuous utterance of a delicate mind is knocked sideways by quotations from *Religio Medici* which lie in the brain in the convincing way that the round dome of a skull fills one's hand. This mixture of standards is a pity, for the book has great points as a piece of very feminine writing. *Their Chimneys Into Spires* is even slighter in plot. A family and its circle of acquaintance get a nasty scare in September and all feel much better after the crisis is over. All the characters are nice, charming people, their little world of scampering dogs, solid wooden garden gates, Wellingtons and occasional theatres is accurately and lavishly created. They have the best Christmas ever after their dose of moral salts taken frothing in September; it is irrelevant that the Czech nation spent the Christmas waiting for September's harvest—women notoriously have a grasp of essentials. This is a very good picture of a world free of abstractions, of a scale model universe in which " I " is the centre and where common sense is the yardstick. " . . . a persuasive shopping day. The death of Austria and Spain going up in flames, but all the same a persuasive shopping day." The thought is not from *Their Chimneys Into Spires* but from a yet more completely feminine book *Mary Cloud*, which deals with the slow progress of a woman from girlhood to maturity in that same abstractionless world in which nothing is real save perception—certainly nothing else is important (one would have to believe that, if one were going to write 558 pages about a single woman's feelings). It is again an exquisite picture of a second-rate milieu, a trivial personality; a gracefully blown bubble. People who like identifying themselves with characters in books should like it a lot, but—

> " Don't be silly, Brett."
>
> " I'm not. You have some sort of fear of them. Still under the yoke of their intellectual rot. I've no patience with it."
>
> " It isn't so."
>
> " I don't trust them."
>
> " They don't trust you. Elinor says——"
>
> " What does she say? " He rapped it out.
>
> " She—I don't know—she has her knife into you for some reason or other." She touched his arm. " Let's go out—anywhere."

—which is to say that another class of reader may get the feeling that they are undergoing the probably entirely legendary Chinese torture of being made mad by water dripping steadily on to their foreheads. This feeling will probably come to a greater or lesser extent to all male readers of these three books; they would be wise to turn them down in favour of *Farewell, Night; Welcome, Day* (surely the most punctuated title). This book is also about very little. A woman hates her husband. She is stupid and her daughter is a moron. Neither learns anything with the passing of the years. There is nothing to it but a character and a situation. In spite of this desperate triviality the book holds the attention because the stupid woman is drawn with a loving malice and the Russell household with which the book is concerned is so entirely loathsome—it is the same fascination which impels a crowd to collect round a nasty accident. Mrs. Russell is quite the most unpleasant character to be found in a novel recognisable as a modern novel, and to find a match for the docile idiocy of her daughter one must look among the stuffed ladies in Mr. Benson's novels or even farther afield to *Little Dorrit* or the child bride in *David Copperfield*. At the end of the day, however, the brilliant acid writing and the acute observation have taken one for a long detour through country that becomes monotonous—a character sketch of a stubborn woman has been made into a full-length novel without any gain in weight that would distinguish it from a short short-story. It seems possible that this infatuation with the personal equation in which the private mind has a value equal to the universe and all it contains is the hall-mark by which the Lady-novelist can be distinguished from the novelist. This is not to say that there is anything wrong with feminine writing. Nothing could be more feminine than Lady Murasaki's mind, but few men in fiction are as masculine as those who figure in her novels, and few people who have written have ever managed to balance the feelings of their characters with the important things of their time and their society so successfully. Her novels have lasted for a thousand years perhaps largely because she does not fret about her femininity, and her wit and perception are free to bite on more important things—her vision is not clouded by tears of self-pity, and the cry of " pity me, pity me, for I am born a woman " is never implied even when her women characters have a rough time. The bulk of the stream of consciousness as it appears in print seems to be made up of self-pitying tears, and on its frothy surface, boo-hooing like mad, Lady-novelists are being whirled away to oblivion in spite of their immense capabilities. It is a pity to see so much talent going down the drain.

The action of *Care of " The Grand "* lies in a world infinitely more depressing than the easy-monied world of the books men-

IT STAYS ON THE JOB
SHELL
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tioned above, and yet it is far more pleasant to read. The characters spend a good deal less of their time in agonising about their evil case and the importance of their feelings, and the scene in which they move is unexaggerated. Those who have stayed in large provincial hotels may feel that it is child's play to demonstrate the insignificance of individual emotion in such surroundings—there is probably nothing so destructive to the egocentric model of the universe unless its constructor is the possessor of a title or enormous wealth. But this book is written less from the point of view of the unhappy visitor than from behind the green baize doors. One goes into the hotel through the service entrance; one spends one's time in those mysterious regions where fish, vegetable, meat and game are made to taste so curiously little and alike, on the service stairs and in the linen rooms. A considerable area is given actuality and it is inhabited by a large number of fully formed characters who are convincingly related to each other. All these characters are in emotional situations as interesting and complicated as those which suffice to carry the four books already referred to, but we are here in the real world and the emotions take their place as subordinate in importance to the business of living in the area. This is the balance that must be struck if realistic writing is going to have any validity. To take a hack trick as an illustration, a tune on a barrel organ played in the street comes into a room to provide a comment on something that has just taken place there. The barrel organ must be part of the normal life of the street or the comment and the feelings it arouses will be utterly false. Flaubert characteristically took this principle to the length of writing biographies of his characters, even if only a short period of their lives affected the action of the book in which they appeared. Mr. Hampson seems to have done something of the sort in his mind, for his hotel staff are possessed of unusual vitality. A very readable book in an interesung setting, a good piece of unaffected writing; the reader is warned not to be put off by a weak and ugly cover.

Mr. S. J. Perelman, a writer in our distinguished contemporary *The New Yorker*, recently wrote an account of a magazine called *Spicy-Detective* which served its customers with a delicious blend of eroticism and detection. His article has a certain relevance to *Lotus Blossom*, because Mr. Lancing's book belongs to a type of historical novel which is becoming commoner than it used to be. The winning of American Independence in eighteenth-century surroundings of entire accuracy is spiced with whippings of little girls; reddened buttocks add glory to the Glorious Revolution, and so on. But *Lotus Blossom* beats everything. The hero falls in love with a lady destined to be a concubine to the last Manchu emperor, and just when he has resigned himself to being parted from her his Ole Pappy has him castrated and he becomes one of the eunuchs in the Emperor's service (the operation is lovingly described), specialising in the sort of massage of which the Metropolitan Police so very rightly disapprove (and that is lovingly described too). In his uninteresting condition, of course, he has to look after his old love which is where the massage comes in . . . pooh Manchu. The concubine is said to be the Old Dowager Empress who died in 1908, so everything is historical and all right. . . . The wrapper bears an engaging portrait of the old lady in Court Dress and the title is rather flowery and charming, but it won't please your aunt unless she's a collector.

ANTHONY WEST

## THE SECRET SERVICE IN ATHENS

**Greek Memories.** By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Mackenzie doesn't believe in doing things by halves. Besides boxing the compass with love, he has now reached the third quarter of his secret service memoirs. *Greek Memories* was first published in October, 1932, withdrawn the same day, prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act, and since then, presumably, Mr. Mackenzie has been busy unloading some of his dynamite. An interesting account of the case is given in a postscript to the preface. Though wishing to plead Not Guilty, Mr. Mackenzie was unable to do so because the trial was held *in camera*; the judge could only direct the jury to find a verdict of Guilty. It seems that he lost almost £5,000 on the affair. Why an interval of seven years has had to elapse before publication is not explained. The offending details no doubt have been cut, but what remains is explosive; and if one considers that the author has to set his hole-and-corner adventures against such drama as *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, it is remarkable that he should be so successful.

To begin with, we trust his facts. When he says, as he does perhaps fifty times in the book, that Sir Basil Thomson's *The Allied Secret Service in Greece* is as mistaken in detail as it is overweening in attitude, we believe him. He gives us almost a day-to-day diary of events in Athens in 1916, quotes conversations, dispatches, rumours, newspaper reports. Some of them may be unimportant in themselves, but they are not boring. They show in operation, again and again, that fatal English conception of foreign policy which consists in hunting with the hounds and running with the hare, and one wonders at times why the British Government pays (meagrely enough) an intelligence service to provide it with facts and advice, so that it may ignore both. So here, once more, we see Grey refusing at the crucial moment to decide for Venizelos, leaving it open always for him to remain with Constantine. That Greece in the end came in on our side was more through luck than diplomacy; and thanks partly to the unorthodox activities of Mr. Mackenzie. One of his minor achievements was to capture the German mail-carrier by means of a hired coach and a posse of faked gendarmes. People put more faith in Mr. Mackenzie than in the British Government. At the time of the Provisional Government when a Venizelist landing was expected at Syra, a deputation was sent to Mackenzie: "You will find a way. We all have implicit trust in you." Of course, we are given here only the point of view of a tireless privateer, who squirmed under any sort of control and authority. The Foreign Office were not, in fact, so opposed to Mr. Mackenzie as he leads us to believe.

The story of the Venizelist movement is fascinating in itself. It has many dramatic moments before the actual *coup*. In June, the news of the Battle of Jutland had just reached Athens. Everyone went to the cathedral to celebrate the King's Name Day. The German and Austrian diplomats put on their richest uniforms; a small boy who clapped the English representatives was immediately arrested.

> Suddenly there was a hush, and through the glitter came Venizelos in unrelieved black. As he approached to take his place for the service, his enemies with one accord moved aside and left him standing apart from those who were gathered to celebrate the King's feast. It was like the moment in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* when the disgraced Wolsey makes his exit from the crowded scene.

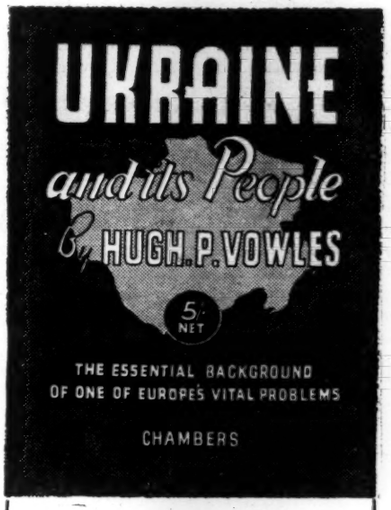
Venizelos himself, though he does not appear very often personally in the present volume, is a figure of great dignity and curiously removed from the eccentric and scheming individuals of all kinds who buzzed round him. Mr. Mackenzie does not give the impression of loading the narrative at all in his favour; an admirable impartiality indeed is one of the book's merits.

It is odd that one so romantic as Mr. Mackenzie could be at the same time so realistic in his adventures and in his manner of describing them. He delights, of course, in the comic side of spying, and most of his agents would be at home among the minor characters of *The Merry Wives* or *Uncle Vanya*. Occasionally, in an anecdote about himself, he gives us the true romantic. On the first night of the Carnival, he set each of his agents a task, either to watch a house or follow some individual, and then, putting on a mask and a black silk domino, wandered round "like the Caliph in the Arabian Nights, unrecognised." It was an exquisite night, with a nearly full moon, and he was delighted to find all his men, in the midst of the revelry, efficiently at work. And six months later, when there was shooting in the same streets, and his secretary jumped at a particularly loud volley, he said: "Do pay attention, Miss Dash, to what I am saying and don't listen to street noises."

His stories of lethargy and stupidity in high quarters are many. Here is one for which he does not vouch:

> On November 20th two Greek ships were sent by enemy submarines exactly where we had been able to notify the French Admiral that they would be sent. He had, of course, paid no attention to the information, and when a mild protest was conveyed to him by Sells he was reported to have complained that he was not told the time the ships were to have been sent.

On the other hand, there is his extremely sympathetic portrait of C., a naval man attached to theWar Office and paid by the Foreign Office. His early telegrams in reply to dispatches were, in Mackenzie's phrase, "corpse-revivers." But when on leave, Mackenzie called on him and had a taxi waiting outside for two hours when he had expected two minutes. After that relations




The annexation of Ukraine, which lies chiefly in Russia and Poland, forms part of Hitler's programme in *Mein Kampf*.

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were more cordial, and Mackenzie got into the way of adding personal messages marked "Urgent" in his dispatches to C.

*Greek Memories* ends with the occupation of islands by the Venizelists. It was then, no doubt, that Mr. Mackenzie acquired his passion for islands. We may hope to hear more of them in the next volume. Unless, of course, when the time comes, Mr. Mackenzie finds himself busy at his old job in Athens.

G. W. STONIER

## THE LAND OF FRANCE

**Reasons for France.** By JOHN BRANGWYN. *John Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Land of France.** By RALPH DUTTON and LORD HOLDEN. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Here are two books about travel that have something new to say. Mr. John Brangwyn is a traveller fascinated by the history of industry: where most of us are content to deplore the disfigurement of a picturesque site, or to admire the "unspoilt" beauty of a *ville d'art*, he wishes to know why it is that trams hustle buses in the mediaeval alleys of one city, while grass grows in the broad streets of another. He consults the local archaeologist (and every little town in France has its orgulous historian), he reads departmental history, he talks to the artisans in whose skill, adaptability and individualism he finds the chief clue to French history. The result of these researches is a humane and lively book. I have been twice to the Grande Chartreuse, admired its architecture, and wondered at the abnegation of those who retired from their smiling cities and villages to this eyrie among Chinese precipices hung with pines and mists. We all know about their using the pungent highland herbs to make liqueurs, yellow and the more precious green, but Mr. Brangwyn adds that here in the twelfth century the monks invented steel, digging the iron from their mountain, and smelting it with the charcoal from their forests. Stendhal begins *Le Rouge et le Noir* with views, shot as it were for the opening of a film, of a small iron industry near the Chartreuse and Grenoble. Mr. Brangwyn gives us many such shots. We are shown the clock-makers of Besançon, the spectacle-makers of Morez (in the Jura), the pipe-makers of St. Claude, the ribboners and gunsmiths of St. Etienne, the celluloid-workers of Oyonnax.

> Among the four hundred manufacturers in and near Oyonnax, there are not ten workshops in which fifty persons are employed—the greater number have only three or four employees. There are a great many men who work entirely for themselves. For these last, an interesting experiment has been developed. Since electrical turning wheels and other apparatus are frequently too expensive for the individual purse, the Syndicate has put them into a building erected for the purpose, divided into cabins, which can be rented. In these the artisan can work as secretly as he can at home, and at small cost.

In a world of Fords and Nuffields such a system must seem almost touching in its inadequacy. But this passionate individualism not only has so far kept France a free country in an increasingly enslaved continent, but is at once a cause and an effect of the vitality, elasticity and thoroughness of the French genius, whether expressed in cooking, painting, fiction or archaeology.

Mr. Brangwyn's book is packed with odd and interesting facts. The gavotte takes its name from Gap in the French Alps, Lyons manufactures dredgers, the great rubber industry of Clermont-Ferrand dates from the marriage of one of its sons to a daughter of the Mr. Mackintosh who invented waterproofs; Avignon, always a city of dyers, became prosperous with the discovery of madder, and faded with the discovery of fuchsine; the gravel-quarries on the upper Seine are reducing the valley to a malarial swamp. Again and again we see the new industries burgeon from the old ones, how an invention destroys one town, and builds another. In this book Mr. Brangwyn never travels west of Orleans and the Massif Central. I hope he will continue his researches in Normandy, Poitou, Languedoc and the Pyrenees.

*The Land of France* is a guide in the tradition not of Baedeker but of an eighteenth-century book of travels. The authors tell us which places they have liked, give us scraps of history that have specially struck them, interest themselves in wine, food and men as well as in monuments, and make sardonic, simple-seeming comments of a very French sort. (There is no English word for *pince-sans-rire*.) Their architectural taste makes the book particularly useful for the planning of a tour. Most guides, from Augustus Hare to the latest edition of the *Guides Bleus*, display indefatigable enthusiasm for Gothic and early Renaissance work, while dismissing curtly classical and rococo buildings, unless these are of enormous size. Yet to me the sixteenth century is the most wretched in the history of French architecture. Some of my happiest hours have been spent driving along the levees of the Loire, between the poplared plain coloured by a setting sun, and the blonde ample river eddying round its sandbanks and its islands. There is good wine here and exquisite food—at Gennes two charming sisters keep one of the best tables in France, and at Ingrandes, below Angers, the Boule d'Or gives you *anguilles flambées* in a garden on the river's edge. But, alas, those chateaux! Has anyone since carried *nouveau riche* vulgarity further than Francis the First and his financiers? Chambord might have been designed by Buszard and takes the cake. In most places where I can control its information, *The Land of France* is highly trustworthy. The authors do not mention the recently discovered Primitive frescoes in the crypt of St. Germain at Auxerre, or the Romanesque paintings in the Loire valley churches. Paray-le-Monial, Autun, Tournus, St. Benoît-sur-Loire and Aulnay—five of the noblest Romanesque churches—are omitted, although two of the interesting and little-known group round Pons are here; Brantôme is mentioned, but I suspect the authors of not having been there, or they must have dilated upon its extraordinary charm. Ménars, built for Mme. de Pompadour, deserves a word for its orangery and swimming-pool, and I would recommend to the authors the Cistercian churches of Fontenay and Pontigny, the cloister of Moissac, the sculpture (and food) of Souillac, the great military school at La Flèche, and St. Jean d'Angély with its unfinished baroque church, a flower-invaded Piranesi ruin. Then there is the *marais poitevin*, near Niort and La Rochelle, a marsh drained in the seventeenth century and now the most fertile of pastures. The farms are assembled in little towns like Maillezais and Coulon, for in these reclaimed fields there are neither houses nor roads. Hay and cattle and timber have to be transported in punts, and for the visitor to glide along little canals under aisles of trees among these most lush of water-meadows is to live in a pre-Raphaelite painting or a poem by Tennyson.

Anyone who has travelled much in France could find other places to celebrate, for so short a book on so rich a subject can be only selective—a personal anthology. The authors describe temptingly many sites I do not know, like St. Lizier, Chillac, Loudun, Salins and Champagnole. And I would trust absolutely their recommendations, having read with entire agreement their accounts of such places as La Rochelle, Sauveterre (a most excellent inn on a lovely river), Hautecombe, and the disappointing Roche-sur-Yon. The book is illustrated with 133 admirably chosen photographs. I wish that its inquisitive and fastidious authors would now devote a guide-book entirely to the classical buildings of France from Lewis the Fourteenth to Napoleon.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

## TRANSLATION AND THE CLASSICS

**The Collected Works of R. C. Trevelyan.** VOL. I—POEMS. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

**Dante: The Divine Comedy.** VOL. I.—INFERNO, with translation and Comment by JOHN D. SINCLAIR. *John Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

> "My love among all lovely things
> Is loveliest and rarest.
> Not the dawn's gold-glancing wings
> Her brightness can exceed.
> Starry skies, veil your eyes;
> *Her* eyes are fairest," etc., etc.

These lines are an example of the qualities I least admire in Mr. Trevelyan's writing, and which unfortunately pervade nearly all his original work. If one analyses them, one feels that the writer is writing with a conscious simplicity, studiously producing his effect of quietness. In order to do this, he appears to be deliberately throwing his great load of classical learning overboard, and writing in a prattling artless manner. The attempt to do this is quite fatal: a rush of pastoral poetry goes to his head, and it is impossible to read the lines without becoming aware of associations in many literatures: Greek, Latin, German, Italian, and, *of course*, the Elizabethan lyric.

Mr. Trevelyan's poems give one an impression of flagging genius and fatigue. The little inspiration they contain, genuine though it always is, is like a tiny fish caught in an enormous net of all his knowledge and technique. This has a depressing effect: many of his poems are even a discussion of whether it is worth

while writing poetry at all. Yet, since the reader is baffled by feeling all the time that, in spite of everything, there is a genuine vein running through them, he is often left wishing that Mr. Trevelyan had never been to Cambridge, that he had been, perhaps, a shepherd or a fisherman, singing his simple ditties to the stars. As it is, this essentially simple and single-minded man has been turned into a frolicsome don. He is at his best when, instead of trying to return, via the classics, to his original self, he is the humble translator and man of learning. Some of his translations are really exceedingly good, especially those from the Greek Anthology, and, more surprisingly, two sonnets by Michelangelo. Sometimes the poems themselves do achieve an effect of simple quietness. Half a dozen of them might be impressive in a light symbolist *vers libre* manner, rather like T. E. Hulme's effective little poems : but a massive First Volume of the Collected Works is altogether too much of a good thing. The few gems are buried under an enormous gown.

Two excellent modern translations of *The Divine Comedy* are accessible to readers of Dante who know but little Italian : one, the prose version in the Temple Classics, the other Laurence Binyon's translation into *terza rima*. It is difficult to see what purpose is served by Mr. Sinclair's new prose translation which is not already done better by the others. I have compared his prose with that of the Temple Classics edition ; on the whole it is smoother, more poetic, and, in places, it certainly corrects slight inaccuracies. However, it has one great disadvantage, that the prose is printed in blocks divided only into paragraphs opposite the Italian text, instead of, as in the Temple edition, being divided into fragments corresponding to each stanza in the Italian. On the cover we are told that " the annotations are intended for readers to whom the whole subject is new, including those to whom the mediaeval outlook is strange. . . ." The attempt to make the mediaeval outlook familiar is overdone at times, I think. For example, Mr. Sinclair tells us in the Note on Canto V, " There is nothing in Dante's treatment of these carnal sinners of the false and unchristian condemnation of sexual motive which has sometimes obtained in the Church's teaching." Speaking as a carnal sinner, I could look forward to a cosier future than that which Dante assigns to some of the world's lovers :

> La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,
> meni li spirti con la sua rapina :
> voltando e percotendo li molesta.

" The hellish storm, which never rests, leads the spirits with its sweep ; whirling, and smiting it vexes them."

STEPHEN SPENDER

## AN INNOCENT CRITIC

**Here Lies Richard Brinsley Sheridan.** By KENELM FOSS. *Richards Press.* 16*s.*

Mr. Foss's book on Turner was a rather childish performance, yet it came off. But then he was dealing with a simple character and a simple story, and could give free rein to a simple but contagious enthusiasm. This time, though energetic and disarming as ever, he has picked the wrong man—a worldling, a politician, a man whose faults and virtues were all mixed up. Mr. Foss has no knowledge of the world, and mixed characters throw him into a transport of naive wonder. Sheridan loved his wife, and yet philandered with other women—" A complex character indeed ! " exclaims Mr. Foss. Sheridan poured out his grief and fears to Lady Bessborough when his wife was dying. Confiding in an ex-mistress !—can such things be ? Sheridan was frantic at his wife's death, yet within three months he had resumed his amorous adventures. " What are we to make of the man ? "

The picture of Mr. Foss endeavouring to crack this hard nut, " puzzling over him o' nights, between the endless days of writing of him," is quite pathetic ; all the more as it's hard to see what he was puzzled about. Sheridan could resist temptation if his pride or vanity required it ; they often did, and that was what made him such a phoenix in public life. At other times, he found it more congenial to sin and repent. His outbursts of remorse were not humbug—having led his wife into error, he was truly generous and took all the blame ; but a man who smites his forehead, ejaculating, " I, I have been the guilty fiend ! " is not on very bad terms with himself. Old Sheridan declared that his son had found both Charles and Joseph Surface in his own heart—a spiteful remark, but not a stupid one. Of course he found more of Charles ; and Charles, as Lamb observed, is the real canting person of the scene—" for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior

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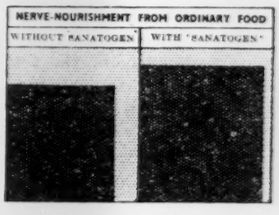


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legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in downright self-satisfaction." The publican praising God that he is not as this Pharisee—it ought to be a dubious role, on the stage it is, but Sheridan got away with it in real life. He boasted of a golden heart—and he really had one. He regarded his faults as flaws in a noble and engaging character, and they were.

But they are very painful and surprising to Mr. Foss. He expects the charmer to be good all through; his idea of character-study is to divide the sheep from the goats, and then drive the goats before him with indignant and joyous yappings. He likes or dislikes exuberantly, and always on moral grounds, and always in the spirit of the Scripture: from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Sheridan's wife's mother was not a pleasant woman—but Mr. Foss can't leave her alone. He can't even say that "Mrs. Linley was fond of twopenny whist"; it has to be "Mrs. Linley, that termagant . . ." Linley, an artist and creator of artists, and an almost tragic figure, thought too much about gain; therefore he is set down a "tradesman" and nothing else. Thomas Sheridan was pompous and wrong-headed; he was unjust to his children, favouring his elder son Charles at the expense of Richard Brinsley, whom he disliked. It does not follow that he was a booby and a bad actor. But with this writer it does; and we hear of "old Sheridan's favourite melodramas," of the roles he "mouthingly declaimed," and so on. Finally, Charles Sheridan was a smug and selfish young man whose letters, a perfect give-away, would have delighted Jane Austen. Mr. Foss worries him assiduously through half the book, and then kicks him out as follows: "In adding that he occupied his retirement in the compilation of various undistinguished tracts, we have seen nearly the last of this unpleasant skinflint, coward, and hypocrite, whose perpetual smell under the nose and priggish self-righteous attitude were all of a piece with the rest of his contemptible character."

As a critic, Mr. Foss is quite as whole-hearted. For example, he thinks the inclusion of *Pizarro* in Sheridan's collected works "a grotesque mistake." Not because it's unoriginal (it was new enough to be retranslated into German); because it's bad. So the "devout admirer" of Sheridan will choose to regard it as non-existent.

"Pizarro" is not only unworthy of him and utterly uncharacteristic in its banality, bombast and lack of humour, it is not even a museum-piece, considered merely as a clap-trap novelette. I have not read "The Spaniards in Peru," from which it is derived, but if the blame for "Pizarro's" sickly saccharine and stagey balderdash is to fall on Kotzebue, I cannot any longer regret that I know no German.

It would be cruel to judge this childlike amateur very gravely. He is so pleased with the honourable toil of making a book; he writes with such an air of "my historian's conscience," of "my over-fastidiousness on the subject of melodrama," of putting records "through the hair-sieve of our critical common sense." And it must be said that he has really worked hard, and has vitality enough for half a dozen biographers of riper taste and discretion.

K. JOHN

## JA MAN

**Year of Reckoning.** By G. WARD PRICE. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Not only is Mr. Ward Price an excellent reporter, in that he is tireless, ostensibly without nerves, and highly resourceful, but it is evident from his book that he must be an unusually knowledgeable and, in his way, amusing man. A good companion for a journey. And yet, if that journey were through a jungle, for instance, and if at the end of that journey—the guides having bungled and cheated—one were to find oneself about to be eaten by cannibals, Mr. Ward Price would make one rather annoyed. He would say, with a bright, professional objectivity: "The cannibals are going to eat you."

"Well," one would reply, "what about you?"

"Oh, they *like* me. Besides, I'm a correspondent, and I saw all this coming. What a pity you spent so much on cameras, and food, and medicine, instead of putting it all into guns. On the other hand, of course, it is quite right for them to eat you; cannibals always have eaten people. And now I must get back to the *Daily Mail*. Good-bye."

Mr. Ward Price is an English journalist whom both Hitler and Mussolini greet, in stations or on staircases, at sight. After reading his brisk account of the European scene during the last year, no one can doubt that he deserves these little compliments. At the same time, I am not so sure that he deserves the compliments of the English people. For under the guise of impartiality:

I have always tried to set out the views and aims of the National Socialist leaders clearly and impartially, hoping in this way to contribute to the understanding between two countries capable, in co-operation, of achieving so much,

he has done more than any other foreign correspondent to muddle the public's mind as to the real aims of the Dictators. In his books, however, Mr. Ward Price is free to speak more openly, and no one can misapprehend him any longer. He quotes from his 1937 volume, *I Know These Dictators;* speaking of Central and Eastern Europe:

In that region, Germany has an equitable interest, and so long as she preserved the integrity of the small States in her orbit, the Western Powers would have no grounds to resent the expansion of her influence there. It is natural for a large planet to possess satellites.

So no wonder it was "*Na,* Ward Price! *Immer da!*" from a smiling Hitler when they met at Linz during the invasion of Austria. The absorption of the whole of Czechoslovakia has shown everyone how Hitler preserves the "integrity" of neighbouring nations, but it has not disturbed Mr. Price in the least, as is obvious from *The Year of Reckoning*.

As an instance of his "impartiality," there is his account of the calling-up of Czech reservists last May. He claims that there was no reason for this action beyond Benes' desire to find a "device . . . to create a sudden crisis." He adds that there was no evidence of German troops "advancing against Czechoslovakia." I would like to remind Mr. Price that it has been estimated that there were four motorised divisions, two non-motorised divisions, and between 500 and 600 aeroplanes already at the border: these troops were withdrawn on Monday, May 23rd, after a council of war at Berchtesgaden on the Sunday.

Mr. Price goes on to say that the "war-scare failed to produce its hoped-for effect," when he knows quite well that it prevented German intervention there and then. He knows it so well that he continues, with my interjections:

This brief week-end crisis (*sic*) in May, 1938, might have been forgotten (!) if the Czech Press and anti-German newspapers in other countries had not begun to proclaim that the German Government had backed down, etc.

Of course it had backed down, and the hoped-for effect had been produced. Daladier had sent a message of support, and neither

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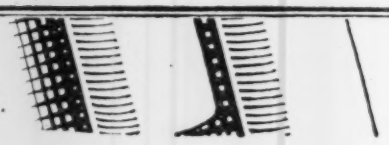

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he nor Chamberlain had yet decided on the betrayal. Mr. Price concludes by barely concealed commiseration with "Hitler's indignation at the suggestion that he had received a check," and gaily adds that of course, "from that moment, preparations for the invasion of Czechoslovakia did, in fact, begin."

Mr. Price's main theme is the inevitability and justice of German and Italian expansion. He anticipates seeing them unite, one day, in Constantinople. He thinks it "conceivable" that had the Nazi leaders been internationally treated with more "courtesy" they might have adopted "more peaceful courses." As things are, Mr. Price thinks it:

> Almost incredible that Britain should have allowed herself to be surpassed in preparedness for war. There is a great danger that for her short-sighted persistence in entrusting vital national interests to the protection of the vague and visionary principle of "collective security," the year 1939 may prove to be a Year of Reckoning.

At his best, Mr. Price's grasp of the purposes of civilisation is such as might be gained from a visit to a snappy newsreel. When he peers through grilles at the prisoners of the Gestapo in Vienna, he is as unbiased as a camera. At his worst, such as in what must be an ironical description of the humiliation of old Dr. Hascha in Berlin, his admiration for Might-in-Itself is terrifying. I do not wish to suggest that his book is markedly disagreeable, or dull: the account of how he accompanied Hitler into Vienna, and that of his visit to Hitler's secret eyrie on the Kehlstein, 3,000 feet above Berchtesgaden, are both fascinating pieces of reporting. I merely mean that he has no idea what existence is for: he doesn't even know that the version of life he accepts is a reversal of the historical and cultural process, and that the whole point of government and civilisation is to promote that individual self-realisation which it is Hitler's confessed goal to eliminate.

The final stage on the way to the Kehlstein retreat is by lift, for 400 feet. The lower entrance is protected by double doors of bronze about twelve or fifteen feet high, and the approach to that is more closely guarded than any road in Europe. One day, I suspect, the Kehlstein lift will go up with someone who will not come down again. I hope Mr. Price will get *da* in time for a world scoop, and I also hope that he will not forget, as he runs for the post-office, to shed the tear that he denied to the suicides of Berlin, Vienna and Prague.

BRIAN HOWARD

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**Regent of Hungary.** By OWEN RUTTER. *Rich and Cowan.* 18*s.*

Hungary is one of the few large European countries which have remained more or less unexploited by the political journalists: and for that reason, although not that alone, this book is welcome. It would, of course, be unfair to refer to Mr. Owen Rutter as a political journalist, as he is really an authority on the country. His task, however, has not been an easy one, for whatever qualities Admiral Nicholas Horthy may have, they are not such as impress themselves on the public mind in such times as these. Moreover, from being a counter-revolutionary—and therefore the "saviour of his country"—he has become the uncrowned constitutional monarch of Hungary: and as such his influence on current affairs has undoubtedly diminished. There is, of course, one joke which has caught on, to the effect that Horthy has as much right to the title of Admiral as a Minister of Justice in Germany has to his title. He has more, for he was at one time Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Navy: and as a young officer in that navy he was aide-de-camp to the Emperor. His chance came after the war, when he led the reaction against the short-lived Communist Government of the day.

Most of this book deals with Horthy's career before he became Regent: and although it concludes with Hungary's gains from the rape of Czechoslovakia, it throws little light on the situation in Hungary to-day.

**Blanqui.** By NEIL STEWART. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Louis-Auguste Blanqui was probably the third greatest Socialist of last century (the others being Marx and Owen). His life was spent in organising revolution in France; half his days were spent in prison. A malevolent fate decided that he should be in gaol at the time of the Paris Commune, which should have been the victory of his views and with him at the head would have had a very different history. "Blanquism" as a system of political action was revived by the Spartacists after the war, and is by no means extinct to-day; Blanqui has also some claims to be the first proponent of the theory of proletarian dictatorship. This rather ill-written and slight study gives no proper analysis of his writings and influence, nor does it show a very accurate knowledge of the background. It contains very little of his mordantly witty writing, but it gives the facts of his personal career reasonably adequately and in their correct order.

**The Economic Basis of Class Conflict and Other Essays in Political Economy.** By LIONEL ROBBINS. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

The title of this book is a misnomer; for the opening essay, which gives the name, is very slight, and most of the rest deals in one way or another with the "Economics of Restrictionism" as illustrated in the policies of Great Britain since the world depression. Professor Robbins is a whole-hearted upholder of the competitive principle as a means of securing a correct allocation of economic resources to different uses; and he is at his best when he is denouncing such restrictive and monopolistic measures as the Agricultural Marketing Acts, the beet-sugar subsidy, and the Coal Mines Act of 1930. There are also excellent essays on "The Causes of Increased Protectionism" and "The Economics of Territorial Sovereignty." Most of the volume consists of reprinted papers written some time ago; and this involves a good deal of overlapping, as well as a number of footnotes in which Professor Robbins explains how right he has been proved by subsequent events—and also, it should be noted, one or two in which he slightly modifies his attitude. The closing section, dealing with "Government Expenditure and Economic Activity," makes some concession to Mr. Keynes and the advocates of public works policy as an antidote to depression; but Professor Robbins remains on the whole sceptical. As always, he writes well and clearly; but he shows his customary lightness in passing over the criticism that *laissez faire* does not in fact secure either "full employment" or, in view of the disparity of property and incomes, a distribution of resources that can be regarded as consistent with human welfare. His arguments against capitalist restrictionism are conclusive; but his treatment of the class question in his opening essay is both superficial and jejune.

## BOOKS TO COME

Ford Madox Ford's last book completed just before his death, *The March of Literature: From Confucius to Modern Times*, is coming from Allen and Unwin in September. A tremendous undertaking—highly original in conception and execution his publishers tell us—it is a complete history of the literature of the world in a quarter of a million words. One thinks of Ford primarily as a stylist and imaginative writer—most imaginative perhaps when he is dealing with fact. It will be extraordinarily interesting to see how he has handled the immense body of material upon which his critical and human commentary is built.

Humanity's chances of survival are discussed by Mr. H. G. Wells in his new book, *Homo Sapiens*, to be published by Secker and Warburg on August 3rd. "He insists on the urgency of the crisis in which we live. He shows the swift, destructive consequences of the chief political, social and religious activities of to-day. It is, he argues, demonstrably possible that within only a few centuries the human

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.*

**APOLLO.** **Of Mice and Men.** Tu. & Th.

**COMEDY.** **Tony Draws a Horse.** Wed., Fri.

**COVENT GARDEN.** **Russian Ballet.** Wd.,St.

**DRURY LANE.** **The Dancing Years.** W., S.

**DUCHESS.** **The Corn is Green.** Tues., Thu.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** **The Devil to Pay.** W., Sat.

**PALACE.** **Under Your Hat.** Tues. & Thurs.

**PICCADILLY.** **Spring Meeting.** Wed., Sat.

**QUEEN'S.** **Dear Octopus.** Wed. & Sat.

**STRAND.** **The Gentle People.** Thurs., Sat.

## OPERA & BALLET

**COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.**
**RUSSIAN BALLET SEASON**
EVGS., 8.45. Mats. (half-price) Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LAST PERFORMANCE JULY 29

## THEATRES

**APOLLO.** GERrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
**OF MICE AND MEN**
CLAIRE LUCE, JOHN MILLS, NIALL MACGINNIS.

**COLISEUM, Charing X.** (TEMple Bar 3161.
July 24th. TWICE NIGHTLY 6.30 & 9.
For One Week Only
**"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS"**
Prices: 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-

**COMEDY.** (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
**TONY DRAWS A HORSE**
Over 200 Performances.

**DRURY LANE.** (TEMple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
**THE DANCING YEARS**

**DUCHESS.** (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Thu., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
**THE CORN IS GREEN**
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** WHItehall 6606.
EVENINGS, 8.30 prompt. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
**THE DEVIL TO PAY**
BY DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

**PALACE.** (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
**UNDER YOUR HAT**

**PICCADILLY.** Ger. 4506. (3 Weeks Only.)
Evenings, 8.30. Mats.: Weds., Sats., 2.30.
**"SPRING MEETING."**
Prices: 1/6 to 6/6. ALL SEATS BOOKABLE

**QUEEN'S.** Ger. 4517. Evenings at 8.15 sharp.
Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
Return of MARIE TEMPEST.
**DEAR OCTOPUS.** By DODIE SMITH.

**STRAND.** (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents "THE THRILL PLAY"
**THE GENTLE PEOPLE**
by IRWIN SHAW

**UNITY.** (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 8.30.
**COLONY**
by Geoffrey Trease. Produced by Herbert Marshall.
Seats, 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

**VICTORIA PALACE.** (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE in
**ME AND MY GIRL**
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
HOME OF THE "LAMBETH WALK." 1,000 PERF., JULY 26.

## MALVERN FESTIVAL

AUGUST 7th—SEPTEMBER 2nd
Six World Premieres by BRIDIE, HSIUNG, KNOX, PRICE and MILLER, VANSITTART and SHAW. Details from MALVERN THEATRE, Malvern. Telephone 777.

## REPERTORY THEATRE

**BARN THEATRE, SHERE.**
JULY 31st, FOR ONE WEEK.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
**The Rose and the Cross.**
Adapted by Peter Ustinov & Nadia Benois
from the Russian of Alexander Blok.
Producer Peter Ustinov.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245.)

**CROYDON.** (Cro. 6001) July 24th, for one week.
Evgs., 8. W., 2.30, S., 5 p.m. No perf. Friday, July 28th.
**Dusty Ermine.** Neil Grant.

## FILMS

**ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.** Ger. 2981.
A GREAT RUSSIAN FILM AGAIN!
**"PETER THE GREAT"** (A)
HUMAN—VIVID—REAL
"Best film of the week." *D. Telegraph*

**BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St.** May. 8505.
RAIMU in
**"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER"** (A)
2nd month of Marcel Pagnol's brilliant French satirical comedy. ADULTS ONLY.

**EVERYMAN** (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, JULY 24th, for SEVEN DAYS
CHARLES BOYER in
**"TOVARICH"** (A)
With CLAUDETTE COLBERT

**LONDON PAVILION.** GERrard 2982.
Commencing Monday, July 24th, from 10 a.m.
HARRY BAUR in
**"THE REBEL SON"** (A)
also "WHISPERING ENEMIES" (A)

## "SMALLS" RATES

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All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

**Holiday Suggestions** — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

## EXHIBITION

ARTISTS OF FAME AND OF PROMISE
SUMMER EXHIBITION AT
THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6. Sats. 10–1.

## RESTAURANTS

THE diner's dream of home. RULES, Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

## PERSONAL

HOSPITALITY REQUIRED for elderly German Jewish lady arriving middle August. FREUNDLICH, 44 Avonmore Road, W.14.

RIVIERA. Couple with Chrysler, welcome two others for journey only. Cost under £2. Suggest leaving Aug. 10th. 14 Marlborough Crescent, W.4.

CAMERA Carlax No. 2, nearly new, for immediate sale. Cost over £50. Reasonable offer. Box 5716.

GERMAN-JEWISH refugee couple (Dental Surgeon), require hospitality. Box 5709.

YOUNG married couple seek hospitality. Will pay moderately. Willing to assist. Awaiting immigration. Write Box 744, c/o F. Wilson, 101 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

RUSSIAN tuition, in all branches, by trained, experienced native lady teacher. London references, Central. Box 5248.

LEARN ITALIAN from young expert Roman. Write R. TIBERI, 26A Bute Street, S.W.7. Sloane 7989.

HOSPITALITY needed for German Refugee couple offering £4 monthly. Box 5737.

HOME FOR A CHILD—educated Viennese, lawyer's daughter (12), ordered expulsion end July, begs temporary hospitality. All particulars Wieselberg, 11 Burton Road, N.W.6.

COUNTRY Holiday offered by congenial couple. Moderate terms. Small village in Herts. Box 5727.

GATHER LAVENDER. Lovely gardens. Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent. 2 *guineas*.

FOR those who are not quite able to deal with normal life, a real home with understanding and experienced care, on psychological lines is offered in beautiful country house.—Drs. references. Box 5476.

THE INSTITUTE OF PRIVATE SECRETARIES invites enquiries for those requiring Private Secretaries of either sex. (No fees.) For comprehensive brochure apply SECRETARY (NS), 8 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. (Holborn 2208.)

A NEW set of photographs at the Cheddar Roast, and ANTHONY PANTING back at 5 Paddington Street, W.1. WELbeck 4950.

FRESH squads of smokers have enlisted: TOM LONG'S appeal can't be resisted.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8504.

RECITAL OF RECORDS

Readers of "The New Statesman and Nation" are invited to a recital of records on the new Davey Electrical Reproducers on Wednesday, July 26th, from 8 p.m.—10.30 p.m. An illustrated catalogue of these instruments, which cost from £17 10s., is available on request for those who cannot come to the demonstration. E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES, LIMITED, 11 Grape Street, W.C.2. TEM. 7166-7. (Grape Street is off New Oxford Street, just behind the Princes Theatre.)

NUDIST CLUB, RESIDENTIAL; 15 minutes from Marble Arch (Telephone: Gla. 6153). Equipped for table tennis, artificial sunlight, exercises, dancing, darts, etc., hot and cold showers. Write enclosing stamped envelope. SECRETARY: 72 Shoot Up Hill, N.W.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

COX AND PINNEY, 312 King's Road, S.W.3. FLA 9970. Come and see our range of inexpensive modern Furniture. Open till 7.30 p.m.

MEAT EATING INVOLVES CRUELTY
WHY NOT TRY VEGETARIANISM?
Free Literature, including Recipes, from
THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 57 Princes Street, Manchester, 2.

adventure will have ended in defeat." Thus Mr. Wells in a blurb written by himself which according to his publishers conveys an unduly pessimistic impression of his argument. In the book itself, he allows for the possibility of an adaptation through education which will permit the human species to create a happier world.

Messrs. Victor Gollancz have secured the translation rights for *The War Chances of Germany in the Light of German Literature*, the book by Dr. Ivan Lajos which created such a sensation when it was published recently in Hungary. According to the Budapest correspondent of the *Times*, who sent news of it home early in July, the book is a carefully documented study of German military literature which, solely through the use of quotations from German sources, presents a very strong case against Germany's chances of winning the war either by a lightning attack or a prolonged campaign. The book, which appeared without any Government protest or censorship, has set up a record in Hungary for the largest sales for many years. The English edition is being printed as it comes from the translator and should be ready for publication in about ten days' time.

A new and sumptuous book for balletomanes is being published by Methuen early in August. This is *Ballet Russe*, the memoirs of Nicolas Legat, teacher of all the greatest dancers of the twentieth century, including Kchessinskaya, Trefilova, Karsavina, Pavlova, Fokine and Nijinsky. It was Legat who first taught the Russians to do the Italian acrobatic trick of thirty-two fouettés. Himself a pupil of Johanssen and Petipa, he is an exponent of the dancing tradition which came down from Gaetan Vestris through the Bournonvilles. Unlike Cechetti, Legat as a teacher believes in variety and seldom gives two lessons alike. His book, which covers the story of ballet up to the present time, is profusely illustrated, many of the drawings and photographs being published for the first time.

*A Dialogue on Modern Poetry*, by Ruth Bailey, coming from the Oxford University Press this week, is an attempt to explain contemporary poetry to the bewildered layman. A discussion takes place between the Plain Man who "only wants to know," the Attacker, who holds that the new poets have bamboozled readers into admiring what they do not understand, and the Defender, who maintains that modern poetry is healthier and more vigorous than any written in England for two hundred years. The Moderator conducts the argument and sums it up.

How did *Anthony Adverse* become a best-seller? What was behind the success of *Mathematics for the Million*? By what methods do publishers promote the sales of a promising book? In *Best-Sellers : Are They Born or Made?* to be published by Allen and Unwin this week, Mr. George Stevens and Mr. Stanley Unwin supply the answers to questions such as these. The basis of the book is a study of best-sellers by Mr. Stevens, who was formerly a director of the American firm of W. W. Norton and is now editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. In another essay, Mr. Unwin discusses the problems of book advertising in this country and deals with certain English successes. Neither of the writers is concerned with the mysterious question of *why* a certain book becomes a best-seller. Both attempt rather to explain *how* it is put across. We are told how and why a publisher advertises; what he spends on advertising; how many copies of a popular book are sold and the duration of the selling period. The book concludes with Mr. Frank Swinnerton's essay on *Authors and Advertising*.

Gollancz is publishing on July 31st *Journey Through Life*, by Amedée Ozenfant, an artist better known on the Continent than in this country. It is translated by Helen Beauclerk and Violet Macdonald with extra assistance from Edmund Dulac. The writer describes four years of his life: a journey to Egypt, Palestine, Athens and Smyrna, with some reflections on the contribution of Greek civilisation to Christianity; the planning and painting of an important picture; and the effect on an artist of such events as the rise of Hitler and the development of Fascism in France.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

# Week-end Competitions

## No 490.

**Set by J. C. B. Date**

Imagine that you are a member of an intellectual society which condemns all competition in human affairs as leading to megalomania, greed and other vices. You are threatened with expulsion because you have continued to enter for the NEW STATESMAN Week-end Competition. Write a letter of not more than 300 words to the secretary of the society, defending yourself. The usual prizes are offered.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 28th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 488

**Set by Sam Smiles**

The enforced intimacy about to be inflicted upon Militiamen is likely to prove embarrassing at first to members of our far from classless society. The usual prizes are offered for five hints to the over-educated and five hints to the under-educated upon how not to offend each other's sensibilities. I want people to talk sense.

**Report by Sam Smiles**

I invited competitors to talk sense, because jokes based upon class-differences are almost invariably tedious (see *Punch*); also because I thought some militiamen-readers might be glad of a few tips. A few entries tried, not altogether successfully, to be witty as well as sensible. Thus D. Bigg's advice to the "Overs"—"Try to eat peas with your knife," and to the "Unders," "Don't eat peas with your knife" does not strike me as sensible. H. L. used verse, and would have won a prize if he had kept up the standard of his first two couplets:

> Never talk of "silly fools
> Wasting cash on football pools."
> See your tongue never yields
> To criticising Gracie Fields.

Some of the advice seemed unnecessary, like Ogilvie Powell's "Do not say such things as 'Don't you think Italian food is too terrible?' to someone who has obviously never been abroad"; and John Usborne's "Don't call him 'Kid,' talk of your sister as 'Sis' or your and his lady-friend as 'the girl.'" Would any "Over" perpetrate the former phrase, or resent the latter? Good advice to the "Overs" included: "Be careful who you sympathise with as exploited workers, all but the most unskilled labourers consider themselves members of the lower middle class" (Charles Furbank); "Over-education in the ranks is a handicap, not an advantage. Modesty is clearly the best policy"


## ACCOMMODATION
### To Let and Wanted

FURNISHED and unfurnished rooms in quiet pleasant house. Meals if required. 18s. 6d. to 32s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

ETON AVENUE. Swiss Cottage. Guest House with an International Atmosphere. Good Food. Single and dble. rooms. 2 gns. incl. PRI. 6466.

FURNISHED Double Studio room, redecorated white, overlooking garden. 25s., single 18s. 6d. Use kitchen, private house. Primrose 6534.

BELSIZE PARK. Attractive bed-sitting rooms. Good food; reasonable prices. Apply in evening. SHIPHAM, 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

FURNISHED Rooms to let, left household, no restrictions. FLA 9970. Evenings Sloane 3842.

FREE HOUSEHOLD, no restrictions, Chelsea. Bed-sitters. £1-27 6. FLAxman 9970 or SLOane 3842.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

YORK HOUSE, 30 Sandwich Street, W.C.1. Residential club for professional women. Every modern convenience. Many rooms with own bathrooms. Charges, £2 5s.–£2 10s. Partial board. Opening September. Apply, the Secretary.

HAMPSTEAD. Bed-sitting room in well-appointed house; business man. H. and c., nr. L.M.S., 'buses, tube and heath. Ham. 3654.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Divan bed-sitting rooms, h. and c., central heating, breakfast, use kitchen and dining room, quiet, from 23s. 6d. HAM. 3288. Write 21 Pond Street, N.W.3.

MODERN Service Rooms with baths, breakfast, 6s. 6d. per night; from 27s. 6d. per week. FLAX. 1181. 29 West Cromwell Road. S.W. 5.

CHELSEA (36 Oakley Street). Comfortable divan bed-sitting rooms from 27s. 6d., with breakfast. Light and service. Flaxman 0276.

HAMMERSMITH, two rooms, garage, garden, in private house. Box 5717.

VACANCY for two men at 91 Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6. Single rooms. Maida Vale 1951.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

OAKLEY COURT. 29 Oakley Street, Chelsea. FLAxman 9864. Well-furnished modern divan rooms, h. and c. ample bathrooms; 25s. and 32s. 6d., including breakfast.

CHISWICK. Tenant leaving after 3 years recommends furnished rooms in charming old-world private house. Service, garden, mooring rights, near tennis, golf. Chiswick 0160.

HEALTH and Beauty depend on diet. Advice (free): "Live at Belsize Court, 56-7 Belsize Park, N.W.3, where the *right* food is made interesting." From 2½ *gns.* PRI 3934.

15 DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.1. Large unfurnished room, refined home. Chancery 7426, view weekends, or after 7.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES. Comfortable Board-Residence. Moderate inclusive terms. Near river and station. Pleasant garden. MRS. O'HARA, Moorcroft, Henley-on-Thames.

UNUSUAL Sunny Room. Modern; 5 mins. Regent's Park, Portland Place, B.B.C. WELbeck 4025.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
**Rates and all information on page 157**

# Holiday Suggestions

### London

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

### North of London

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas.*

COTSWOLD Farmhouse. Guests taken; vacant July, early August. Bath, indoor sanitation. 'Phone: Ilmington 32. BELL, Ilmington, Shipston-on-Stour.

GUEST House in the Chilterns. Beacon Cottage, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Good food, comfort and consideration. 'Phone: Kingston Blount 219.

### South

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Modern Guest House, facing sea and Downs. Walesbeech House. Rottingdean 9431.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W

CAREFREE holiday. Sea, Downland, Bathing. Good food. 3 *guineas.* Old country house. Wyke Cottage, Felpham, Sussex.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd.2.

SUSSEX.—Delightfully rural. Healthy. Hour London Attractive old house (modernised). Well-known among gentlefolk for comfort and cuisine. 3½-4 *gns.* Scottish Proprietress. Golf, Fishing, tennis, bowls. Chequers, Pulborough.

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

ELIZABETHAN Farmhouse. Home produce. Modern comforts. Tennis, fishing. Telephone: 249. HONEYSETT, Tenterden, Kent.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

QUEEN ANNE with modern comfort. Facing sea, Safe bathing, ideal family parties. Tennis. Golf. Full August. Rookcliff, Milford-on-Sea.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

W. SUSSEX XVth Cent. Guest House. Downs, garden, tennis. Ideal walking centre. Coast, 11 miles. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. (Sutton 229.)

WORTHING. Aller House, Private Hotel. Central position, all modern comforts, good garden, garage. Terms from 2½ *gns.* 'Phone: 1749.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

WANTED—Furnished Bungalow, near Swanage; first three weeks September. KILBURN, St. Mary's Vicarage, Enfield.

### South West

N. DEVON. Charming modernised country house near Ilfracombe. Centre of loveliest scenery in England. Motorist's Paradise. A few rooms vacant July and August. Wildercombe House, Ilfracombe. 'Phone 240.

CORNWALL. Barnoon End, St. Ives, for delightful early holidays. Quiet. Lovely views. Every comfort. Central. 'Phone: 488. From 2½ *gns.*

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 28071I.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

DARTMOOR. Delightful Guest House, near golf and fishing. Own horses. Inclusive terms for riding guests. Bagtor House, Ilsington, Newton Abbot. Haytor 203.

CORNWALL. Comfortable Guest House in unspoilt Cornish village. Modern conveniences. Sea and country. Excellent cuisine. Yachting, boating, bathing, fishing. MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey. 'Phone: Polruan 48.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

BOORDS' FARM, Batcombe, Bath, for Mendips, Glastonbury, Wells. Good cooking and comfort.

PERRANPORTH. The famous Summer Theatre adds to the natural charm of a Cornish holiday. Sully's Hotel. 'Phone: 41.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

TORQUAY, SEASCAPE HOTEL. Beautifully situated; central position. Established 20 years. Southern aspect with full view of Torbay. Our reputation for good English fare has always been a noted feature. Individual diets studied. Hot and cold water. Radiators, gas or electric fires; central heating throughout. Lounges sunny and well heated. Comfortable beds. Hard tennis courts, croquet, miniature golf course, games' room. Garage, private park and gardens. Summer terms from 3 *gns.* Resident Director: MRS. HARRISON.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week. Apply MANAGER.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ *gns.* Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

DEVON AND CORNWALL. Ideal Holiday Centres. Free illustrated brochure No. 25. SEASIDE AND COUNTRY GUEST HOUSES, LTD., Dawlish.

PAIGNTON Hotel, Atherfield, Cleveland Road; 3 minutes sea. H.C. Gas fires bedrooms. Interior springs. Inclusive moderate charges.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. No accommodation July 29th to August 26th.

### West and Wales

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, bracing, sunny situation. Excellent cuisine. Separate tables. Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons, April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

N. WALES, BEDDGELERT. Charming small hotel. Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, rivers, peace; 7 miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

GOWER. Quiet modern home, two minutes ideal beach. Bathing, golf. Natural unspoiled surroundings. "Casita," Caswell Bay.

### West and Wales—continued

CONWAY. Gateway to Snowdonia. River, sea and mountains. Stay at Clemence's Criterion Hotel, Castle Street. Cosy divan rooms, 6s. 6d. with breakfast. Special en pension terms.

ABERYSTWYTH. Ideal sea and country holidays. Beautiful situation. Modern. MASON, "Gwyldwr," Llanbadarn. 'Phone: 617.

PARENT'S HOLIDAYS. While you are away your children would be happy in a country house which, during the school holidays, is entirely given up to the well-being and happiness of children (over 9 years). Apply Box 5448.

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswold, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeareland, &c. Endless entertainment. Sport for all. Illustrated Guide free from DEPT. 8, Town Hall, Cheltenham. TRAVEL BY RAIL.

### North West

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "Victoria," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5s.

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

DON'T travel abroad this year! The new Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, nr. Ambleside, set amidst mountains, woods and lakes, offers greater attractions. Squash rackets, tennis, swimming-pool. An ideal centre for climbing and fell walking. Write for brochure or telephone Grasmere 82.

### East and North East

THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ *guineas* weekly.

PARK HOUSE. Black Notley, Braintree, Essex, 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6s. a day.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

### Scotland

SCOTLAND. West Kilbride. Stanley Guest House. Comfortable; magnificent view Arran and Firth of Clyde. Cruises to Highland Lochs. Golf, bathing.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small, quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13s. 6d. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7s. 6d. nightly; from 63s. weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

### Ireland

CLIFDEN, Connemara. Rock Glen Hotel. Licensed. H. and C. all rooms. Overlooking Ardbear Bay. Own grounds. Private bathing. Glorious scenery. 4½ *guineas.*

SOUTH-WEST Coast of Ireland. Small Guest House. Sailing, boating, bathing, fishing. Good food a speciality. White House, Castle Townshend, Co. Cork.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Reduction for families. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

**Holiday Suggestions Abroad will be found on page 161, Col. 3.**

(Allan M. Laing); "If you get a chance to help or instruct, explain how you came to know what you say" and "Do not resent curiosity, which is a sign of natural kindly interest" (R. S. Jaffray); "Speak of things rather than ideas" and "Don't look bored" (M. R. D.); "Do not attempt hearty laughter when not amused" (D. M. Kerr); "Don't talk high-brow or 'New Statesmanlike' among yourselves in front of them: remember the 'Unders' do not understand democracy. They have never met with it" (R. E.). To the "Unders": "Be tolerant of their lack of worldly experience" (R. E.); "He may work harder with his brain than you with your hands" (Redling); "The 'toffs' will probably not be concerned to hide their nakedness. Don't assume from this that they are given to vice" (E. T. Hayward, and in different words, several other competitors), "Don't croon incessantly" (John Usborne); "Don't be downhearted if you seem to be very slow and stupid. A lot of them have been having practice for four years, so don't bear them a grudge if they are quicker, they have been asked to help beginners, so take it kindly if anyone tries to help you" (D. Grey); "They have not had the advantage of your early disadvantages" (Guy Innes); "Do not get the idea that people who talk in what seems to you an affected way are pansies" (S. W. Green). Three pieces of advice are given to both classes: "Don't snore" (D. Bigg); "Remember that the chief conversational trait of man when making acquaintances is boastfulness, particularly at the age of twenty, so take all narratives with a pinch of salt, but do not question them openly" (S. W. Green); and "As for politics, Conservative is safest" (Kwipp). Two odd, but I cannot think very important, recommendations are: "Don't wear pyjamas—at any rate at first. Try your 'issue'" (R. E.) and "Don't drink only bitter beer" (J. C. B. Date). After considering the claims of D. Grey, R. E., R. S. Jaffray, E. E. T. Hayward, C. F. Rathbone, Charles Furbank, M. Franchi, J. C. B. Date, Allan M. Laing and Carry, I recommend that the first prize be given to L. M. J. P. S. would have got first prize if he had not been weak on the "Unders."

### FIRST PRIZE

### MANNERS FOR MILITIAMEN

In the last war seemingly ill-assorted men discovered themselves "good pals." At times each jarred on the other—or depended on the other. But even with "our own" this happens. Sympathy is a common bond to start with, then

BEHAVIOUR. FIVE RULES FOR EACH SIDE.

FOR THE OVER-EDUCATED

1. See he gets his share, he is shy at table, not used to talk, probably always hungry.
2. Do not crack jokes he will not understand, even if the next fellow enjoys them.
3. Give him a confidence when he gives you one; he has not learned about cutting out personalities.
4. Never cut him. He is oversensitive and would not know how to retaliate.
5. Remember you are both in the same position now and you want to be as happy as possible—give and take—you'll find life more fun and discover plenty of interests and experiences in common.

L. M. J.

FOR THE UNDER-EDUCATED

1. Try to be friendly, do not worry about what he thinks, pass up the sugar and salt.
2. If you don't understand his accent or what he means, tell him so. He is probably not understanding *you*.
3. Tell him anything you'd tell your pals. He enjoys a good joke, too; do not be suspicious of him if he seems a "swell."
4. Help him along if you can—you can do lots of things he never had a chance to do—he's been what you'd call "coddled."

### SECOND PRIZE

The enforced intimacy about to be inflicted upon Militiamen, etc.

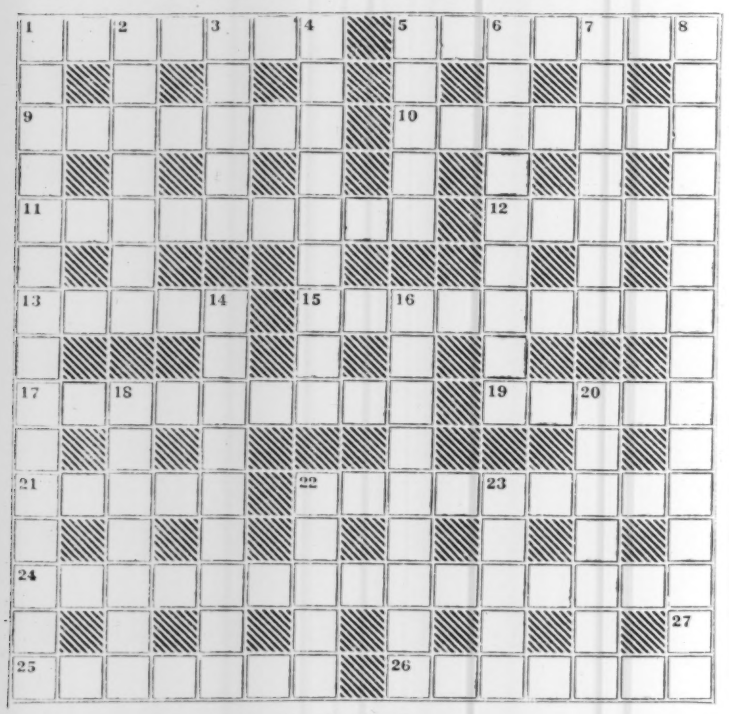
FIVE HINTS TO THE OVER-EDUCATED

1. Do not assume that silence during meals means embarrassment: a different convention prevails about food generally. Is it possible that at bottom this is due to the fact that food does not come to him as a matter of course—as it has always done to you?
2. Prepare to believe that he is no less clean than you if instead of having immersed in a bath, he has from habit washed under the tap or in the sink. It would be wise not to assume in any way that your own cleansing habits are superior—this will be very difficult.
3. Living at close quarters a ready appreciation of your need for solitude will not be his strong point—look up some Housing Statistics before becoming aggressive.
4. Remember that a request for a small loan of money is not "sponging"—a thing practically unknown in circles where the week has to be paid round by borrowing of some sort. You'll be very likely to get your money back—but don't expect interest.
5. You and your friends who have been born with some sort of spoon in your mouths, have fairly easily attained the common virtues. You can accuse your friend of lacking some or all of these virtues and still retain him as your friend. When these virtues have to be won in an early environment where the odds are against them, it is wise in later life not lightly to doubt their existence.

P. S.

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 489

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
M. D'aeth, Lindenfield, Freshfield, nr. Liverpool

ACROSS.

1. "Where — and Thyrsis met." (7)
5. Shows the use a glass maker has for a lost car. (7)
9. Brain work. (7)
10. Town of bookworms no doubt. (7)
11. Lo. (9)
12. German affirmation about a cracked nut. (5)
13. You may have your last meal round it. (5)
15. 11th hour, 11th day, 11th month. (9)
17. They refer to the foot as a rule. (9)
19. As this country is another. (5)
21. Jointly helps as it were. (5)
22. He should be notable in service. (9)
24. Authoritative reference. (15)
25. The time of sun up. (7)
26. Angelic phrases. (7)

DOWN.

1. Would describe self-interested fielding. (15)
2. Small earth connection. (7)
3. Canine Academician? (5)
4. Racy countrymen as it were. (9)
5. Backfires. (5)
6. Jude stars in this. (9)
7. It makes Ian itch—to drink it of course. (7)
8. Porters. (15)
14. By means of meat the editor did it. (9)
16. Errors to be expected perhaps when there is a woman teller at the House. (9)
18. A lot of fuss about the rent? (7)
20. Gin put up as a tar mixture it seems. (7)
22. Hot method of seeking favour. (5)
23. It would be poetical to put this alloy on a Scottish lake. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| L | A | P | E | L | S | ■ | C | A | R | C | A | S | E | S |
| O | ■ | N | ■ | A | ■ | T | ■ | I | ■ | O | ■ | T | ■ | T |
| S | T | E | A | M | S | H | I | P | ■ | F | O | R | G | O |
| T | ■ | U | ■ | B | ■ | E | ■ | E | ■ | F | ■ | A | ■ | R |
| B | U | M | P | S | ■ | W | A | S | T | E | A | W | A | Y |
| A | ■ | A | ■ | ■ | ■ | I | ■ | ■ | ■ | E | ■ | B | ■ | ■ |
| L | A | T | T | E | R | D | A | Y | ■ | C | R | E | A | M |
| L | ■ | I | ■ | A | ■ | O | ■ | A | ■ | U | ■ | R | ■ | A |
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| G | E | L | I | D | ■ | H | O | M | E | T | R | A | I | L |
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| M | I | S | E | R | I | E | S | ■ | F | R | I | D | A | Y |

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE Commissioners of His Majesty's Works and Public Buildings invite applications for two posts as Assistant Inspectors of Ancient Monuments.

Salary: £277 16s. to £575 8s. per annum (men) and £277 16s. to £486 3s. per annum (women).

An initial salary not exceeding £331 may be given to a male candidate and £313 to a female candidate with exceptional archaeological experience.

Candidates must have attained the age of 23 on August 12th, 1939, but must not have attained 30 years of age on that date, although candidates who have served, or are serving, in the Navy, Army or Air Force may deduct from their actual age for this purpose any time during which they have so served, but not exceeding five years.

Preference will be given to candidates who have had a University training, and who possess knowledge and practical experience in archaeology, especially of the Mediaeval period.

Applications will be scrutinised by the Office of Works in association with the Civil Service Commissioners and the candidates who appear to be best qualified will be summoned to an interview before a Selection Board who will recommend for the vacancies existing those candidates who appear to them most suitable.

Application to be made not later than August 12th, 1939, on a form to be obtained by *postcard* from the Establishment Officer, H.M. Office of Works, Westminster, S.W.1.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF GIRLS' CLUBS, Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1. CLUB LEADER, under 40, required for girls' clubs in Special Areas of Tyneside and Durham, experience in short holidays and camping advisable. Salary £200, superannuation scheme. Application should be sent immediately, together with copies of three testimonials, to the Organising Secretary.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
PRESCOT BRANCH

Applications are invited for the post of Branch Librarian at the above Branch. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Salary £170–£12–£230. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, together with copies of three testimonials should reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library," not later than Friday, July 28th.

HON. SECRETARY wanted for the Group Theatre, whole time. No salary. Interesting work. Apply by letter only, giving full particulars of previous experience. Group Theatre, Great Newport Street, W.C.2.

IS there companionable, domesticated, quick girl anywhere for small country house; two babies. Box 5723.

DOMESTIC help wanted, not over 45; cooking, some knowledge nursing essential; intelligence appreciated; family two. Box 5691.

HEALTHY and skilful Viennese, 32 years old, as yet tailor, would be grateful for any post in a household. Box 5685.

COMPANION-domestic. Post wanted by educated German woman Refugee. Some experience. In England now. Box 5738.

URGENT. Jewish woman in Berlin requires situation. Nursing, cooking. 50 Romola Road, S.E.24.

SECRETARY—S.T., (24), professional and commercial exp., asks modest salary for any job where intelligent interest appreciated. Excellent literary and political references (M.P.); own typewriter; domesticated; knowledge theatre, politics, education, etc. Now or Autumn. Box 5725.

VIENNESE married couple (man, 32 years old, housepainter; wife, 27 years old, seamstress), both with experience in household, would be grateful for any household post, either together or separate. Box 5684.

ASSISTANT SECRETARIAL VACANCIES IN THE CIVIL SERVICE CLERICAL ASSOCIATION. The Association begs to notify applicants that these posts are now filled.

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## HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
### For Sale, To Let and Wanted

FOR SALE. AUTHOR'S HOME, N. WALES. In own grounds, 4 acres. 6 bedrooms, dining rooms, music room, bathroom, 2 w.c.s. H. and c., central heating, wired for light. Tennis lawn, orchard, well treed, trout fishing in grounds, stables, loft, kit. gardens. Low rates. Own water supply. Secluded, quiet, out of danger area. £1,600 quick sale. Box 5605.

NORTH CORNWALL. Furnished cottage to let, on farm. Three double bedrooms, bath, hot and cold, indoor sanitation. Garage. Quiet surroundings; beautiful coast. Box 5306.

TO BE SOLD, or let for long period, old furnished cottage on N. Devon coast. 4 bedrooms (sleep 6) large living room, kitchen, bathroom, 2 W.C.s, garage, small but productive garden. Remote but not isolated. BORRER, Queens House, Linton, Cambs.

IN OLD-WORLD CHELSEA
A NEWLY-BUILT and unique modern PRIVATE RESIDENCE, complete with all domestic requirements. Central heating. Entrance hall, 2 rec., 6 bed., 2 bathrooms, etc. FREEHOLD, £3,750, or would be let.—Apply UFFINDELL, 46, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. SLOane 9881.

COUNTRY HOLIDAYS, LTD. offer you an attractive home on their BYGRAVE MANOR ESTATE, BALDOCK—38 miles from London. Modern houses and bungalows to let with 2–3 bedrooms, large gardens, electric light, main drainage, company's water. Rents from 16s. 6d. to 22s. 6d. weekly, inclusive of rates. OPTIONAL PURCHASE. Apply Major N. S. FITCH, at estate office as above.

SUSSEX. One hour from London. Tudor Farm House: furnished. Beautifully secluded under downs, yet convenient; four bedrooms, bath (hot and cold); indoor sanitation. 4–6 months, beginning August or longer in emergency. LOHRKE, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

DIGSWELL WATERMILL, Welwyn, to let furnished. 7 bedrooms, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, kitchen, etc. Lovely garden with swimming pool. Ideal for children. 45 minutes London. FRANK WELLS. Welwyn 187.

A MODERN FLAT IN THE COUNTRY makes the best of both worlds. Park House, Welwyn, has self-contained all-electric flats with every modern convenience, including a Sports Club, restaurant, and the finest departmental Store in Herts. From £55 p.a.—£150 p.a. inclusive of rates and electricity hiring charges. Half an hour from King's Cross, in the centre of the most interesting town in England. 'Phone for particulars or write to N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 3456.

BLOOMSBURY STUDIO FLAT. From August 1st month or more. Two rooms, green view, bathkitchen. Suiting two or one. 'Phone. Simply furnished. Quiet. Use Square-garden. 30s. p.w., or offer. 8, Regent Square, W.C.1. Terminus 5195 (9 a.m.—3 p.m.).

CHELSEA COTTAGE, unfurnished. 4 small rooms, kitchen-bath, garden. 32s. 6d. Quiet tenant only. Box 5728.

KENT (near Cobham). Lovely oak-beamed Tudor Cottage. To be Let Furnished or Unfurnished; 4 bedrooms, 2 reception, bath, kitchen, cookanheat. Garage; charming garden. Near golf, 1 mile station, 45 minutes London. VINCETT, Beeches, Luddesdown, Kent.

## HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
### —continued

CHARMING Furnished Cottage, modernised. To Let August, 15 miles London, secluded. Radlett 6966.

HAMPSTEAD. Furnished flat, 2 rooms, 2 single beds. Kit., bath. August. 25s. p.w. Box 5706.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Flat, 4 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, large balcony, lift, porter. Rent £125. 'Phone Mai 5525, mornings.

EARLS COURT. Three rooms, kitchen, bath, hot water, sleep three. 2 *guineas* per week or offer, until 25th September. MRS. GLASCOE, 7 Longridge Road, S.W.5.

FLAT, furnished, Aug. 1st–Sept. 14th. Sleeps 3. Two rooms, kitchen and bathroom, 32/6. Holland Park Avenue. PAR 4110.

LARGE, low, warm top room, two windows, on sea and gdns.; cut off, ideal for student (lady); half-min. pier; new and clean; big bathroom. HASTINGS, 4 Bedford Row, Worthing.

HOVE. Well-furnished maisonette, 3/4 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen, etc., or well-furnished service flat. Reasonable rents. GRANT, 10 Salisbury Road.

PROFESSIONAL Woman, two babies, needs seaside bungalow 2 weeks; August. Very moderate charge. Box 5722.

WANTED—Cottage, moderate rent, Bucks or Berks. Box 5718.

STUDIO wanted in the country. Anywhere, anything considered. HUGH CRONYN, Box 5726.

## HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS ABROAD
—continued from page 159

SWITZERLAND, SCHWYZ. Hotel Sonnenberg for sunshine, health and pleasure. Excellent cookery, all diets. Unrivalled view. Typical Swiss countryside. Trips arranged. Terms from £2 15s. per week. All inclusive.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

SWITZERLAND, LUGANO. Hotel Quisisana for every comfort. Beautiful gardens. Excellent cuisine. All diets. Swimming-pool. Terms 9–12 Sw. Francs.

PERSONALLY conducted Party of Scientists and people interested in Science leaves for Soviet Union under leadership of Prof. J. B. S. Haldane on September 9th, returning October 1st. Interviews arranged with leading Scientists and visits to Scientific Institutions. 10 more places will be allotted in order of application. Inclusive cost £23. PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

NICE and Corsica. An ideal holiday tour in 16 days. Leaves London on August 12th, at an inclusive cost of £14 17s. 6d. Tour includes 2-day circuit of Corsica by car, visiting main places of interest and beauty spots, and in Nice free motor-coach tickets between Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, as well as free admission to Casino and other places of interest. Full details, PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

## HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom), Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

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FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few weeks.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Canney, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

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HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

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Rates and all information on page 157

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By DIVES

WALL STREET REVIVES—THE STEEL MERGER—BANKS AND DEFENCE LOANS—WHEAT SLUMP—SHIPPING SUBSIDIES

A MIRACLE happened this week in the City—a real, live boom in American stocks. On Monday Wall Street awoke from its lethargy, traded in 1,750,000 shares and pushed the Dow Jones industrial index through 140. There was magic in this figure. The Dow Jones theorists had been arguing for weeks that if the industrial index, which had climbed laboriously from 121.4 on April 8th to 140.1 on June 10th, relapsing to 130 at the end of June, broke through the June high level of 140, the market would have demonstrated a reversal of its " bear " trend. At the moment of writing the index has moved higher to 143.7, and both the rails and the utilities have followed suit in breaking through their May high levels. But whether this reversal of the trend is merely a secondary movement in a long-term bear market or whether it is the beginning of a new long-term bull market cannot yet be decided. The manner of the rise this week does not suggest that it is the latter. It is true that the trade news is better. The Iron and Steel Institute estimates steel mill activity at 56.4 per cent. of capacity—a rise of 6.7 per cent. on the week and a new peak for the year. On the other hand, there is evidence of a considerable " bear " squeeze in the market. A very large short position had been built up in Chrysler and U.S. Steel, and it was significant to see a rise in these stocks in one week from 67¼ to 82¼ and 45⅞ to 51½ respectively. The absence of disturbing political news from the Continent was a further inducement for the " bears " to rush to cover, while the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had lost political ground was another cause for bullishness. All that can be said is that Wall Street has demonstrated a reversal of its downward trend and is likely to move upwards as long as business activity continues to expand. The Dow Jones theorists prophesy a rise in the industrial index to the March high level of 152.3, after which they expect some correction. Confident bulls are now buying on the chance of peace in Europe this year and an autumn revival in trade in the United States.

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The Wall Street boom failed to have much effect upon the London Stock Exchange except in the oil share market and selected industrials. Gilt-edged stocks were distinctly easier, being depressed by the mounting deficit disclosed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer last Thursday. There is no expectation that a Government loan will be floated before October, but the market was not particularly pleased with the issue this week of £2,000,000 Sudan Government 3¼ per cent. stock 1954 59 at 97, or with the prospect of further home corporation loans this month. In the industrial markets the feature was a sharp rise in Stanton Ironworks on the announcement that Stewarts and Lloyds had offered to acquire the company by an exchange of stock on favourable terms. The news, significantly, had leaked out in advance. The rise in Stanton Ironworks began nearly a fortnight ago when the shares were 41*s*. A ridiculous rumour was put out last week that the company had found oil on some of its land. This was followed by a suggestion that the company was to combine with Staveley Coal and Iron. It appears that the " insiders " were merely fogging the market, and even sending their buying orders, I am told, through Amsterdam. It is, of course, impossible to prevent advance buying by " insiders " on information not yet disclosed to the public, but the Stock Exchange Committee might cause some enquiry to be made into this prevalent practice. At the moment of writing Stanton shares are 53*s*. 6*d*., while Stewarts and Lloyds have eased to 42*s*. 3*d*. There is no doubt that Stewarts and Lloyds are one of the best managed companies in the iron and steel industry, but holders of Stanton Ironworks should bear in mind that whereas they previously held almost a fixed-interest security—their 10 per cent. dividend having been paid for a long period—they will now be acquiring a more speculative equity.

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The Chancellor's announcement of his intention to finance £150 millions of his enormously enlarged loan expenditure by means of Treasury bills has naturally drawn attention to the situation of the banks, as revealed by last month's clearing bank averages. Since May, bill holdings have risen sharply from £201 millions to £249 millions, but they are still £40 millions lower than a year ago. In comparison with June, 1938, there is an expansion of £15 millions in advances and acceptances combined; but investments have fallen by £29 millions, cash and call money by £15 millions, and deposits by £80 millions. The picture, in short, still shows the contraction caused by the flight of foreign balances from London. The further fall, by £4 millions, last month in investments suggests that the banks are looking for a rise in the long-term rate of interest, while the surprisingly large increase in money market assets may be a reflection of sales of " tap " bills by Public Departments in preparation for supporting operations behind a Defence Loan issue. The banks will be glad enough to increase their liquid assets by absorbing a substantial additional volume of bills—on one condition: there will have to be a proportionate increase in supplies of cash. The June cash ratio was only 10.60 per cent., as compared with 10.73 per cent. a year ago; and the banks will not lightly depart from their customary 10 per cent. proportion. If Sir John Simon is to solve his borrowing problem without tears, Mr. Norman will have to sally forth in the gilt-edged market and buy boldly. That done, the banks—their liquid assets expanded—would be in a position to replenish their investment portfolios with Defence Loan certificates, with a preference naturally for the shorter-dated variety in what the City assumes will be a series of medium and medium-long issues. The distinguished financial editor of the *News Chronicle*, I observe, is urging the Chancellor to postpone the evil day of inflation by eschewing the easy path and raising every penny he can by public issues before he " pump-primes " the banks. Unfortunately, this heroic policy would knock the gilt-edged market sideways. Even with the stimulus of a great " patriotic " advertising campaign, the investing public could not be relied on to subscribe heavily for a Government loan at present. The banks will have to be " sweetened " in the first instance.

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In our Financial Supplement last week reference was made to one curious feature of the present lop-sided boom—the absence of any rise in commodity prices. So far as the general tendency is concerned, the inhibitive influence is lack of political confidence; but in the case of one commodity of prime importance there is another factor also at work. Last year's world production of wheat—amounting to about 4,600 million bushels outside China and the U.S.S.R.—left enormous carry-overs in all exporting countries. This year's crop in the United States is estimated provisionally at 725 million bushels, or 200 millions less than last year; but even this reduced supply is enough for the domestic needs of the U.S.A., and the carry-over of 275 million bushels from 1938-39 is unlikely to be worked off in the home market. On favourable reports of Canadian crops, indicating a 10 per cent. improvement on last year, wheat prices slumped this week to under 3*s*. 7*d*. per 100 lb.—the lowest price recorded for many centuries—as compared with a peak of 10*s*. 8*d*. in 1937. In a world in which doctrines of self-sufficiency are reinforced by war fears, the International Wheat Committee, which has been meeting recently in London, can hardly hope for any limitation of subsidised production in wheat-importing countries, while low prices do not quickly result in curtailed production in exporting countries. The 1939-40 Southern Hemisphere crops cannot, of course, yet be forecast; but the outlook seems to be that slump prices for wheat will prevail for some time. The British Government has a golden opportunity to accumulate war reserves of this commodity at a bargain-sale price.

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In the case of subsidised industries appetite comes with eating. Now that the Board of Trade has issued its detailed scheme of financial assistance for shipping, the shipowners are complaining that their share of the great Treasury " hand-out " is niggardly. Costs, they argue, have risen in the two months since a subvention was promised, while freights have fallen. This is true; and I am not a bull of shipping shares until the international horizon clears a bit. Nevertheless, the Government is doing pretty well by the shipowners. The liner companies are to be supported by a fighting fund of £10 millions, to be used against foreign competition on the recommendations of an advisory committee. For cargo shipping, £10,000,000 will be available in loans to finance the building of tonnage ordered and laid down within two years from March, 1939; and building grants to the total of £2,500,000—spread over the next five years—will also be forthcoming. Still more valuable, annual operating subsidies will be provided in 1940–44 up to a maximum of £2,750,000 a year; and the subsidy, tapered as freights improve, will not cease unless freights exceed by 5 per cent. the satisfactory 1929 level. The offer may not satisfy shipowners, but it will cost the taxpayer over £25 millions from first to last, and it should at least suffice to keep British shipyards busy for the rest of the year.

Company Meeting

# UNITED DOMINIONS TRUST

### MR. J. GIBSON JARVIE'S SPEECH

THE Seventeenth Annual General Meeting of the United Dominions Trust, Limited, was held on July 19th in London.

Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie (the chairman) said that the consolidated balance-sheet showed that the volume of trade financed by the group was substantially greater than last year. Although they had deliberately restricted certain types of business and while some individual accounts had declined in volume because of a temporary falling off in trade in particular industries, a large accretion of new accounts had materially increased their turnover. It was therefore a fair inference that under normal conditions they should be justified in expecting a considerable expansion.

The improvement in the company's position was all the more satisfactory when it was realised that because of the general uncertainty even more care than usual had been exercised in considering transactions submitted to them. They saw little likelihood of loans due to them or bills discounted going into default because of any fall in value of the relative goods. Transactions were spread over many different industries; they covered the whole of the United Kingdom, and now their activities also extended to South Africa and the Rhodesias.

The business on their books was as clean as at any time in their history, perhaps cleaner. Transactions were being liquidated well up to their usual standard, and so far as they could see there was no reason to fear any change in that respect. It was necessary for him to make that statement because it had been suggested in an important financial journal that the increase in bills receivable and notes on hand might have been brought about by "slow repayments in a year of trade recession." That was not the case. The increase was entirely due to the larger amount of business transacted.

#### FINANCIAL FACILITIES IMPROVED.

With regard to their financial arrangements, there also their position had been greatly strengthened and improved. During the year their deposits had been reduced to some extent in common with those of other banking companies, but no difficulty had been experienced in procuring all the finance necessary to satisfy the needs of their increasing business. They could satisfy a very much greater demand for financial facilities from the many trades to which they offered their highly specialised banking services.

They had, moreover, revised the terms on which they borrowed from other banks and they accepted money on deposit on a more permanent basis. They were borrowing practically no money at all to-day in the form of loans from other Banks or deposits from individuals and companies, except on fixed terms and at fixed dates so arranged as to allow ample time for adjustment in the event of any new and serious crisis arising.

They had certainly proved that their position was as liquid as they believed it to be and that the organisation was as elastic as they had hoped. They had also proved through a period of almost constant tension the capacity of their companies to command credit in the money market. With regard to the future, while the unhappy international situation precluded all hope of a reliable forecast, their policy was to see as far ahead as might be possible and shape their course accordingly. Trade on the whole was not only growing, but was in an essentially healthy condition. He could see no reason why progress should not be maintained for a long time. There was one industry which still lagged behind—agriculture.

It was daily becoming increasingly obvious that Government measures, in being and projected, were not restoring and would not restore prosperity to the countryside. By whatever means it was contrived, the farmer must receive adequate prices for his produce so that he could make a reasonable profit and set up appropriate reserves against bad times and so that it would be to his immediate, as well as to his ultimate, benefit to farm his land as good husbandry demanded it should be farmed. It was a sad commentary on their practical common sense that they should so signally fail to deal with an essentially practical problem in a common sense way. In order to justify the theory of cheap food, they were piling up taxation; they were creating an expensive and ever growing bureaucracy, and compelling their farmers by sheer economic necessity to depart from the proved system of rotation of crops and proper consideration of the cultural needs of the land itself.

Long before the international situation had degenerated it had been their intention to operate in the Dominions. They believed that there was a need in other parts of the Empire for their services and United Dominions Corporation (South Africa) Limited had fully confirmed them in that belief. They had now established United Dominions Corporation (Rhodesia) Limited. In establishing subsidiaries abroad it was not their wish to develop too rapidly, but rather to continue on a conservative basis, consolidating their position as they progressed and keeping pace with the growth of the countries.

In conclusion he thanked the Board, Executive Officers and Staff for their services.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

# PHILIP HILL & PARTNERS

THE Seventh Ordinary General Meeting of Philip Hill & Partners Ltd., was held on July 18th in London.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (Chairman and Managing Director) said that their profit for the fifteen months under review amounted to £638,357, compared with £498,456 for the previous year. If, for comparison, they reduced their present figure by one-fifth to cover the extra three months, they found that their annual income had increased by some £12,000. Following their conservative dividend policy, they recommended a final dividend of 6¼ per cent., making 31¼ per cent., less tax, for the fifteen months, which was at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum.

The quotations for their investments had followed the general trend, the market value at June 30th being £269,826 less than the book value. While the directors believed that the setback was purely temporary, they had deemed it prudent to create an investment depreciation reserve account, totalling £355,434, which brought the book value of the investments to some £85,000 below the market value at June 30th.

The earning capacity of their holdings had increased, revenue from that source for the period totalling £363,215, being over half their total revenue. He estimated that they should receive from that source in the current year sufficient, after paying all expenses and the Preference dividend, to allow the payment of a satisfactory dividend on the Ordinary shares. As to the new issue side, the fact that they had raised over £20,000,000 during a period of such difficulty called for no comment.

As to their prospects for the present year, he had already referred to the income which they should receive from their investments. That could be estimated; the unknown quantity was the revenue they would derive from their financial and new issue business. The political situation, together with Government borrowing, the proximity of a General Election and a controlled money machine, did not afford a background for optimism, but, on the other hand, increased industrial prosperity, coupled with a much larger interest by the public in the country's wealth, undoubtedly afforded great possibilities for suitable industrial and general business issues.

It was imperative that the business of this country, both at home and abroad, should be given every possibility of expansion. Throughout recent months they had never allowed their efforts to be reduced on account of world conditions, and he was hopeful that, in due course, they would reap the benefit from much of the preparatory work on which they had been engaged. The report was unanimously adopted.

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